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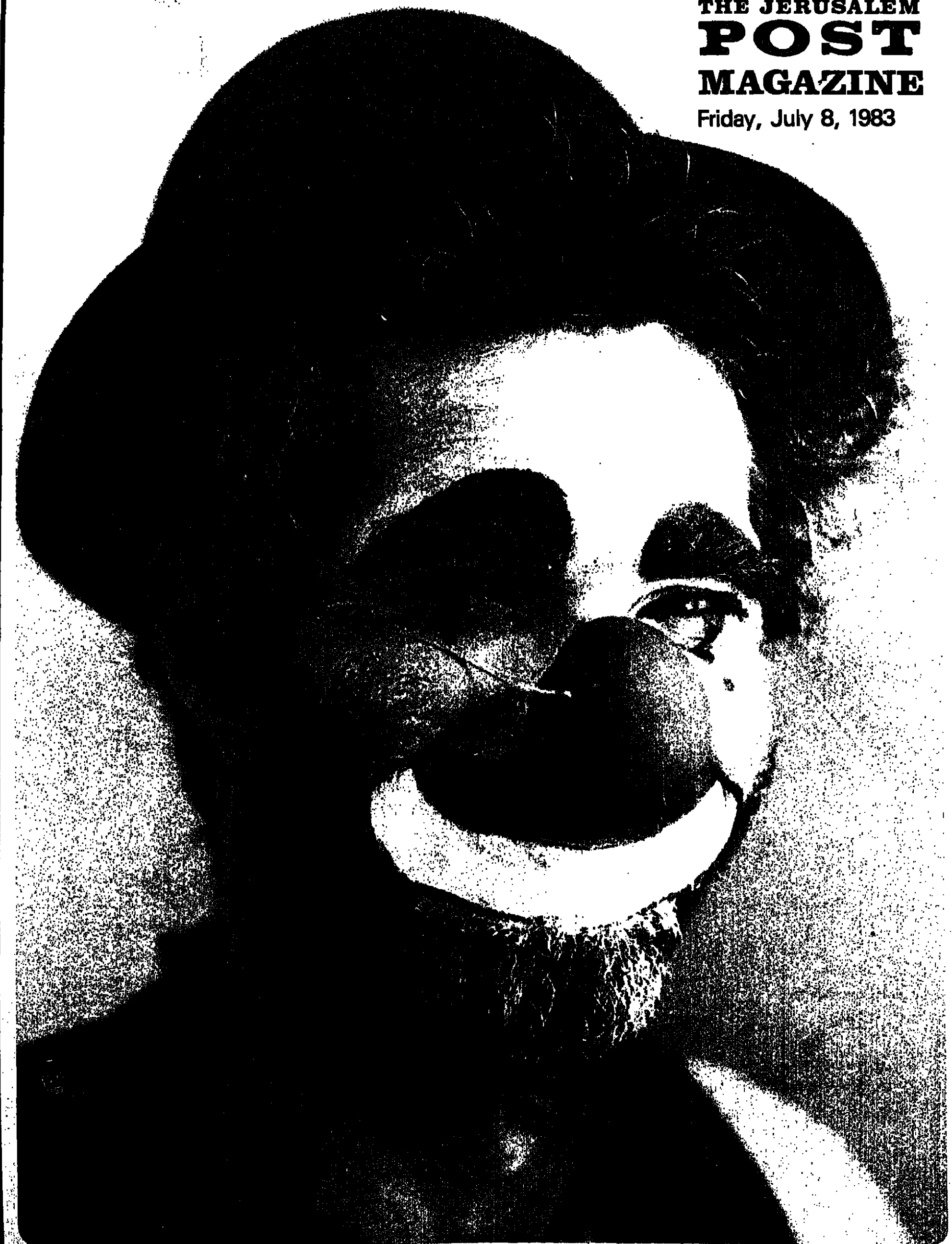
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Friday, July 8, 1983



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The Cover: Tzvi Hershkovitz in his working clothes, by Karen Ben-Zion

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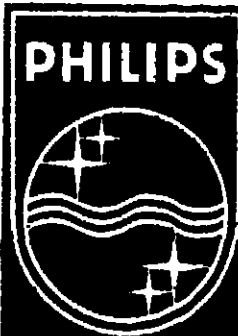
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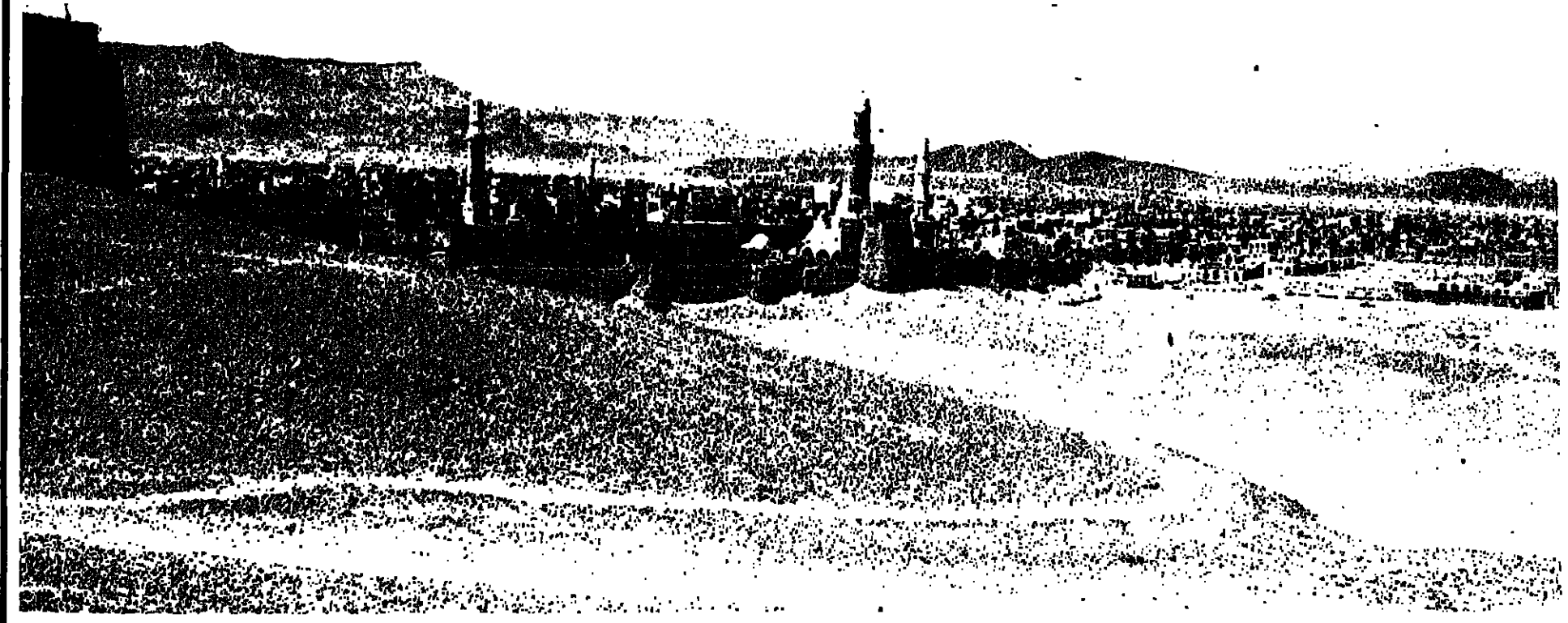
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HAMASHBIR LAZARCHAN

Smashing the stereotype

Primitive...violent...Arab haters. The Post's DANIEL GAVRON meets three Israelis who have launched a campaign to promote Middle East peace and to destroy the negative image of Israel's oriental community.



EAST FOR PEACE aspires to be much more than a Sephardi version of Peace Now. The movement, barely one month old, has on its agenda nothing less than a total revolution in Israeli society.

"The Zionist pioneers from Eastern Europe had no knowledge of either the Arab-Muslim world or the oriental Jewish world; but these two worlds have been in contact with each other for centuries," says Dr. Shlomo Elbaz, lecturer in comparative literature at the Hebrew University.

"Our starting point is that we here in Israel are part of the eastern world," declares poetess Shelley Elkayam.

Elbaz, 62, born in Marrakesh, Morocco, and Elkayam, 27, seventh-generation sabra, are two of the founder-members of East for Peace, a movement that has emerged from the country's oriental communities.

Elbaz is a rangy, relaxed figure with casual clothes, rope sandals and tousled white hair. Elkayam is very sabra: articulate, outspoken, impatient with anything she regards as nonsense. I talked to them, and two other founders of EP, in Elkayam's Jerusalem apartment.

The movement's aims, set out in its founding proclamation are:

- To encourage the peace process in the Middle East;
- To combat allegations that oriental Israelis are extremist, violent and hostile to peace;
- To further the political consciousness of the oriental masses, who have been subject to political manipulation, and to support their struggle for the realization of their true social and cultural rights.

ALTHOUGH peace is the central aim of EP, its basic drive comes

from an awakening of what are usually called *Edot Hamizrach* (the communities of the east). One of the first priorities is to get rid of this label.

"An *eda* is a small, quaint group with a folklore," suggests Elkayam. "But the majority of Israelis, including those born in Israel, are *mizrachim*, orientals. How can the majority of the population be an *eda*?"

The European Jews laid claim to a "culture," or a "way of life," she noted, whereas the oriental Jews had been saddled with a "mentality." This was not a mere play on words, she insisted, but an indication of the way the European Jews looked down on their oriental compatriots.

"We intend to break the stereotype," says Elbaz. "We are depicted as primitive, violent, haters of Arabs and opponents of peace. Even the Peace Now people, whom we regard as our allies, say that the *Edot Hamizrach* are a barrier to peace. Nothing could be further from the truth."

Journalist Jules Daniel, 44, also Moroccan-born, believes that the oriental Jews were forced into a hawkish political line out of a sense of inferiority. The Europeans had looked on them as "half-Arabs," so their reaction had been to take up extreme anti-Arab positions to prove how "Zionist" they were.

This, however, was utterly alien to the oriental Jewish tradition, he asserts. He was confident that, with the growth of a new pride in their oriental identity, this attitude would be jettisoned. "A majority of us favour peace and compromise," he says, noting that at one time there had been talk of the oriental Jews being a "bridge" to the Arab world. "We can be that bridge," he says,

"but without the inverted commas." He points out that there had always been oriental Jews who tried to forge links with the Arab world, citing a Paris-based group of North African Jews called Identity and Dialogue.

The "identity" concerned their identity as Jews, he explains, the "dialogue" was with the Arabs.

Writer Ami Bouganin, 32, who immigrated to Israel 14 years ago, also comes from Morocco. He teaches and writes on philosophical subjects and has already published two books in Paris. He is lean and intense, with horn-rimmed glasses, and looks a little like a youthful Butros Ghali. He points out that, whereas in France North African Jews had reached intellectual prominence, their compatriots in Israel had not succeeded in making their voice heard. Jacques Atali, born in Algiers, was one of France's leading economists, he noted, and Albert Memmi, born in Tunis, was a world-renowned sociologist.

When I put it to him that EP was a group of intellectuals, divorced from the masses in the neighbourhoods and development towns, he reacts scathingly.

"So what?" he demands. "All these years we were 'primitives.' We did not have any intellectuals — or our intellectuals all went to France and Canada. Now when we start to assert our identity, we are given the 'intellectual' label."

"Of course the founding group are intellectuals," interrupts Elbaz gently. "We are the ones who analyse the situation and draw conclusions, who take the lead. That is natural. But we already have neighbourhood activists with us and we will draw in the masses."

Shelley Elkayam notes that there has already been a terrific response

to EP from the neighbourhoods. When members of the board of governors of the Jewish Agency asked neighbourhood activists to give them a presentation of their problems, they were referred to EP.

"They accept us as their representatives because we are part of them," she maintains. "We don't patronize them or tell them what to say. We discuss with them as equals and listen." Peace Now has the best intentions, she adds, but their contact with the neighbourhood leaders has not succeeded because "they lack sensitivity."

CONCEDING that there is a genuine awakening in the neighbourhoods and development towns, I nevertheless challenge the commitment to peace and moderation, noting the immense popularity of Prime Minister Menachem Begin among the oriental Jews.

Daniel explains that Begin is perceived as a "warm, authentic, traditional Jew." He is a "father-figure" who replaces the traditional strong father who was "lost when most of us were integrated into Israeli society." Begin is also a representative outsider, an anti-establishment figure. When Begin slams the Labour Party, the Histadrut or the kibbutzim, he is "taking revenge" on behalf of all the underprivileged, Daniel says.

Bouganin disagrees. "No one ever complained when the orientals voted for Ben-Gurion," he notes. "Why is everyone jumping on us for supporting Begin? He has been prime minister only for six years. We've been here much longer than that." The oriental Jews, he concedes, have little preparation for democracy. Their natural tendency is to vote for the man-in-charge.

However, support for Begin does

not mean support for Jabotinsky, he says, and the Likud should take note of that. "I am sure I have read more Jabotinsky than most cabinet members," he smiles. "But he is irrelevant to me. What do I care about the clash between Labour-Zionism and Revisionism?"

It is all right to teach the ideas of Jabotinsky as part of Zionist history, he suggests, but his philosophy is meaningless to most Israelis today.

Zionism was a largely East European creation, notes Elbaz, but now Israel is moving into a new phase. "The Europeans are undergoing a crisis," he says. "Their dreams are shattered, they are tired. We never had the dream, so our batteries are still charged-up. They have never been used."

An entirely new approach is needed, stressed Jules Daniel, which would abandon outdated concepts. Ideas such as "left" and "right" are as irrelevant today as the terms "secular" and "religious."

"WE NEVER had such nonsense in Morocco," agrees Bouganin.

"Some Jews were more observant than others, more learned in Tora studies, but we did not have this division, this fanaticism. The rabbis don't own Judaism. Our Judaism is a religion of the people. We don't think it should be taken over by anyone — either with a skullcap or without."

Oriental Judaism is far more tolerant, asserts Elbaz. One never hears of oriental Jews throwing stones at Sabbath violators. And Daniel adds that Gush Emunim is an entirely European phenomenon, which has taken the concept of European nationalism and planted it in Judaism. This sort of nationalist extremism is foreign to oriental Judaism.

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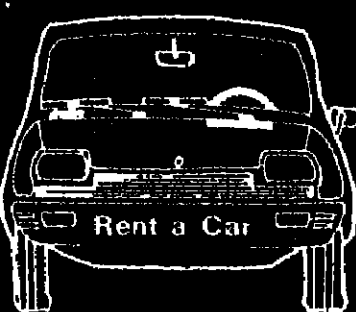
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Shlomo Elbaz (above) Shelley Elkayam... 'We will draw in the masses.'



"I am against Gush Emunim and its settlement policy for two reasons," he declares. "Both because it will lead to the uprooting of the Palestinians and because it diverts resources that are needed for social development here in Israel."

One of the movement's principles is *Ahava Yisrael* (love of Israel or love of the Jewish people), explains Ami Bouganim. This means creating a just society in Israel; but it must also be just for the Arabs — the Israeli Arabs and the West Bankers. There had been a school of thought that the oriental Jews should concentrate on social issues and leave foreign policy and security matters aside, he notes. But EP has concluded that the issues are inseparable and that "all the flags must be raised together."

The state is not an end in itself, says Elbaz. The state is a means to an end, a means for the creation of a just society and the fulfillment of Zionism. When Defence Minister Moshe Arens spoke recently to the Jewish Agency, he listed the Merkava tank and the Lavie fighter as Israeli achievements. Elbaz sensed a disappointment among the delegates.

"Is this the limit of Israeli creativity?" he asks. Surely there are fields of achievement other than the military which should be stressed. Elbaz pleads for the abolition of the "Israeli" pressure-cooker. The country should be allowed to relax and develop all its cultural trends.

ELKAYAM rails against all the political parties, which she says are not interested in the ordinary people. Had any of the parties shown appropriate concern over the doctors' strike? she asks. One party

have been founded outside the political framework. "We want to provoke a ferment," he says. "We see our task as ideological, spiritual and educational. The oriental Jews have been intoxicated and we want to de-intoxicate ourselves."

Elkayam, a former kibbutz member and member of the *Shalom* circle, points out that the kibbutzim represent only 3 per cent of the population. The new centres, she maintains, are the former peripheries. Be'er Yaacov was once a *ma'abara* (transit camp); but today it is the home of Shlomo Bar, head of the *Habreita-Hatit* musical group, which produces "authentic, oriental Israeli music." Bar is a leading member of EP. Jerusalem's Musrara neighbourhood has produced two MKs and is a centre of social ferment. Beit She'an is the home of David Levy and therefore an important political centre. The country is changing, she says.

EAST FOR PEACE is still getting itself together. "We can't cure the mistakes of 35 years in one month," smiles Elbaz. The first step is to consolidate the university-based leadership, but simultaneously a comprehensive programme of parlour meetings in the deprived neighbourhoods and development towns is being organized. There have been requests to set up branches from Ma'alot in the north to Eilat in the south. The current nine-member executive of EP is made up of members from Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa and Beersheba.

The movement plans to hold regional conferences, leading up to a national congress in Jerusalem in the autumn. There they will reformulate their principles and elect a new executive. Contact with Israeli Arabs and West Bankers is also high on their list of priorities. They are in touch with the Paris-based Identity and Dialogue, and one of their members, Shaul Tzadaka, a *Davar* journalist of Iraqi origin, has held a useful meeting with Egyptian Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Butros Ghali. In due course, they aim to hold an international peace conference to be attended by Israelis and Arabs.

Each new member of EP gives a small donation to the movement and this has financed their activities to date. They have hundreds of members — maybe thousands — but they say everything is developing too quickly for them to keep track. There is no ethnic barrier to joining EP and there are already members with names like Schwartz, Carmel and Rosenberg.

"You must get it into your head that this is something new," insists Elkayam. "*Kulanu mizrachim* — we are all orientals."

There was something optimistic about the east, she says, because the sun rises there. "Israel has been facing the west too long. It is time for a change of direction."

HOW SIGNIFICANT is East for Peace? A colleague points out to me that the late Eli Eliachar, a leading Sephardi figure in Jerusalem, used to say the same things about peace and about the oriental Jews being able to make contact with the Arabs. But Eliachar was a representative of the small Sephardi aristocracy, while EP represents the mass immigration of the 1950s, the "second Israel," which is at last starting to find its voice.

Only time will show whether we are seeing the emergence of just another marginal protest group, or a dynamic movement which will turn this country on its head.

IN 1962 a young member of the tiny (and now defunct) Socialist Party in the U.S. published *The Other America*, an eye-opening description of poverty in the midst of plenty. A long review in *The New Yorker* came to the attention of President John F. Kennedy, who inquired of aides if there was "anything to it." They assured him there was.

Six years later, in response to a call to write the manifesto for the Poor People's Campaign from Dr. Martin Luther King, the young Socialist wondered out loud whether the time had not passed when a white could take the lead in anything to do with blacks. King replied, "Why, Michael, we didn't even know we were poor until you told us."

Recently Michael Harrington, now chairman of the Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), visited Israel for the first time, as a guest of the Labour Party and of Mapam. If anyone embodies the rigorously critical but absolute friend of Israel, it is he. As he registered in a hotel in Jerusalem, a woman behind the counter said: "When I saw 'Professor Harrington' I wondered if it was you. Have a good stay. Give us good advice."

Harrington was born 55 years ago in St. Louis, the son of a religious, middle-class Irish Catholic family. After a year at Yale Law School he moved to New York, and, frustrated in his desire to become a poet, gravitated to radicalism. He joined Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker movement, which was strict in religion, pacifist, and anarchist. His first speech at the Worker was based on a reading of Martin Buber's *Paths in Utopia*, which called the kibbutz "the experiment which did not fail," rejecting both the state bureaucracy of the Soviet Union and the capitalism of the West.

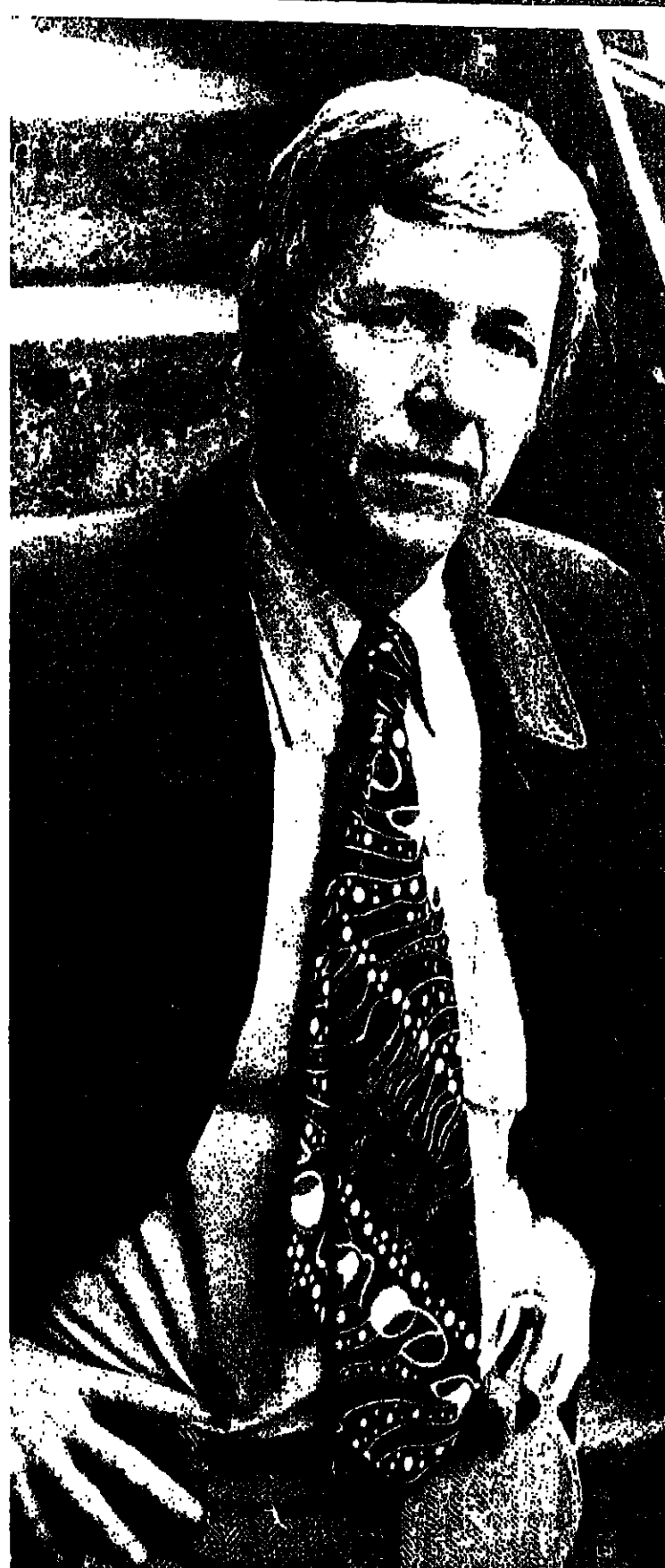
Within a few years he was out of the church and into the remnants of the anti-Stalinist left in New York, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Irving Howe. Following a series of splits and mergers, the faction Harrington belonged to joined the Socialist Party of Norman Thomas.

The 1960s came and went, and with them more splits and mergers. Harrington's new organization, DSA, is one of the reborn survivors of those years, though he quickly points out that over half the membership is new. They are committed to working within the Democratic Party because that's "where the people we want to build alliances with are."

HARRINGTON considers himself "an old Israel hand," though he had never been here before. In the talks leading up to the formation of the DSA, the Middle East was the major bone of contention. But the majority around Harrington succeeded in committing the group to supporting "such military aid to Israel as ensures its survival." This is quite astonishing if one recalls the shrill anti-Israel hysterics of the New Left. "Israel was the toughest issue. We insisted on the U.S. military support for Israel."

Last summer, they developed their position further: because they did not believe that the war in Lebanon was essential to the country's survival, they advocated an arms embargo until Israel withdrew its forces.

"Our response to the invasion was in a context. We had been progressively disturbed by the settlements on the West Bank precisely because we believe they threaten the character of Israel as a Jewish state. We feel that [the annexation



Sophisticated beginner

DAVID TWERSKY meets U.S. socialist leader Michael Harrington, who was struck by the vitality of socialist ideas he met on his first visit to Israel.

of the territories would corrupt all the ideals of Israel and not only the socialist ones... We had long advocated negotiations, but insisted that the Palestinians would have to recognize Israel's right to exist and to do so in so many words. So when the invasion began, despite our feeling that a case could be made for the initial action, because a country does have the right to be free of harassment and of the constant

threat of harassment, even at the beginning when some decent people in Israel did make a case for the initial steps, in the context of Begin's record we were deeply suspicious even then...

But in our resolution last June we specified that no chapter of DSA could participate in any demonstration criticizing Israel if it were not also able to make clear our support for the right of Israel to exist."

Yet well before the Israel of Menachem Begin, Harrington began to debunk the myth of a socialist Utopian Jewish state. "I was always aware that Israel was a complex society." Still, on this first foray into Israel, he was "struck by the frankness and the vitality of socialist ideas I've encountered. I've met no dreamers who expect to see some Hollywood spectacle with people emerging from the fields to dance a horn. But I have found people seriously thinking about this society in socialist terms." He was very taken with the "dovishness" of Labour Party leaders and others he met who understand the dangers to Israel inherent in the government's West Bank policies.

HARRINGTON was given the Labour tour for very sophisticated beginners. He went to co-ops, Histadrut factories, kibbutzim, an Israeli Arab village. He met with Gush Emunim settlers, West Bank mayors, Labour and Mapam leaders, and with faculty at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. A meeting with the Likud's Eliahu Ben-Elsar was cancelled at the last minute.

He laughed about being treated like the head of a foreign socialist party, always aware of the dimensions of his U.S. activities (the DSA has only 8,000 members). Still, that's how many treated him, though with intellectual, rather than political, deference.

He was especially impressed with his access to a wide range of opinions. Despite my assertion that we had met with the left wing of Gush Emunim, he remained impressed that they did not live up to his preconceived image of Khomelnicesties. "They are wrong," he said, but it is possible, even worthwhile, to talk with them.

ELSEWHERE on the West Bank he met with el-Birch's deposed mayor Ibrahim Tawil, who took a pro-PLO, but surprisingly pro-peace, line. He also met with Beit Jalla's Mayor Ajur, who follows a pro-Jordanian, more pragmatic line. Harrington's questioning always sought a minimum common ground necessary for negotiations. He was by no means carried away with the radicalism of the one mayor nor suspicious of the pragmatism of the other.

He was impressed with the depth of sentiment against the war in Lebanon, and was very pleased with the Labour Party's two-stage withdrawal plan. He was quite sympathetic to, though emotionally sympathetic to, those friends in Mapam who were counselling an end to their alignment with the Labour Party.

In a meeting with Israeli Arabs and later with a Labour Party leader, he was struck by the reference to "respect" as essential in dealing with the Arabs, and to its absence from contemporary Israeli policy-making. He was not taken with the extreme dovish view that Israel must return to the 1967 borders, but expressed his desire to see an Israel at peace and secure. He also supports a solution which will meet the legitimate needs of the Palestinians.

HARRINGTON is married to a Jew and claims that one of his two sons has "a Jewish identity." He uses Yiddish terms freely, like *heshitsh*, and one night over beer lured me into a conversation on intermarriage, a subject on which he is more conservative than I. He autographed one of his books thus:

"The first autobiography of a Jew from Irish grandparents." When one of his Arab interlocutors began to go on about Jewish control in the U.S., Harrington put him right.

We visited Yad Vashem, the Old City, and churches which brought out the village atheist in him. After attending a Knesset session he expressed disappointment that the debate was insufficiently "Jewish" — there wasn't enough heckling. I assured him that in this regard we are indeed the Jewish state.

Michael Harrington's socialist message needs to be heard here as much as we want him to present Israel's case to the American liberal/left.

ALL GOVERNMENTS in the late 20th century wind up intervening in the economy and determining economic outcomes, rather than allowing markets, if they exist anywhere, to do so, he says. "Therefore, I believe that the collectivization of every economy on earth is an inevitability. It will happen in different ways in different countries, and at different speeds. But the politicization of the economy is a fact, and if the world is not blown up, the 21st century will be a collectivist century."

"The only question worth fighting about is what is the character of that collectivism? It has a great potential for an Orwellian or Stalinist anti-freedom crushing of the human spirit. It may also provide a framework which could be liberating, as in using technological advance to vastly increase creative free time. But that will not just happen."

"It is therefore very important to have a vision writ large of something which will not happen in my lifetime, and may not happen in anybody's. But even if it doesn't happen, it is still important to have the vision, for some approximation of it may take place way down the road: to use these emerging collective structures for a real liberation of humanity from the limitations of the class society. As John Maynard Keynes, who was no socialist, once said, there could come a point when we are rid of the economic problem and people could get to the important things of the heart and the mind."

"Irving Howe once said in this regard that it is important in knowing what to do about the near, to have a rather large vision of the far."

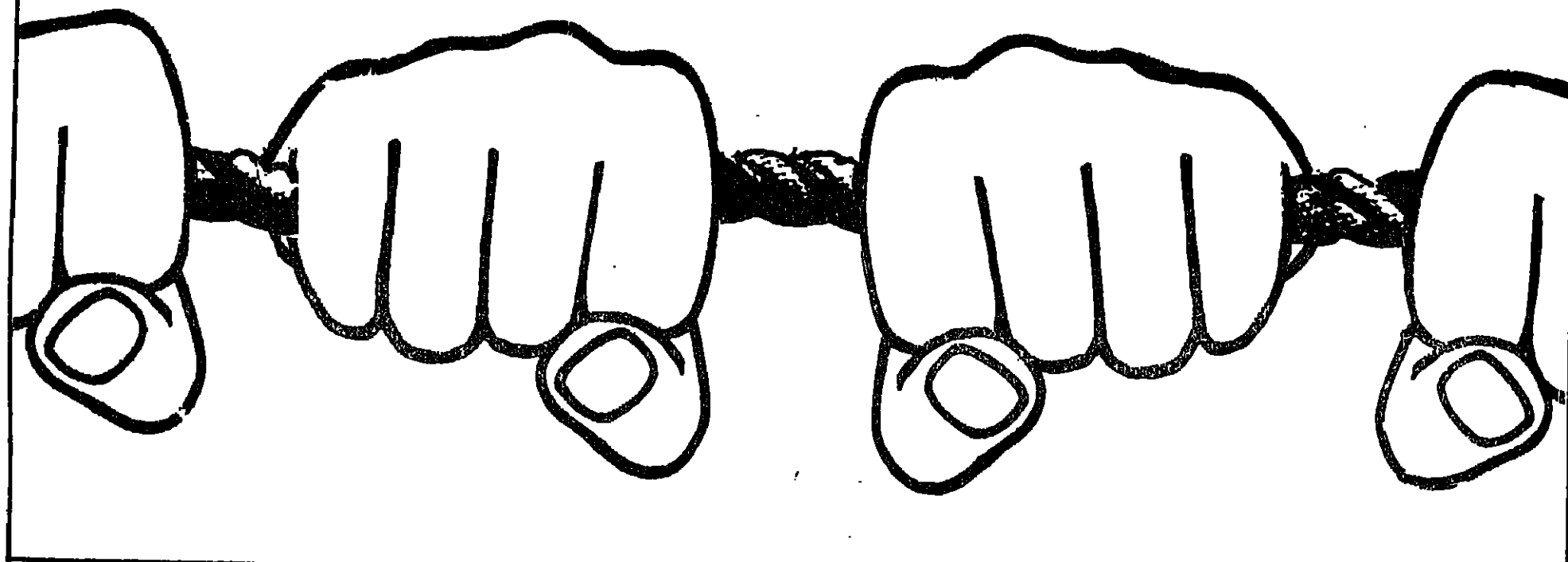
A socialist takes that vision of the far and tries to approximate in the near to the extent possible. That makes us different from liberals. We have a sense of structures, of long-range trends beneath the incremental change.

"The socialist movement worldwide is in great crisis. Irving Howe once said that the socialist movement lost its innocence in August 1914, when the 19th-century socialist movement betrayed its noblest principles; he wondered whether history ever lets you get your innocence back."

AT THE SOCIALIST International Congress in Portugal this year, the powerful leaders of European parties asked Michael Harrington to author the major resolution. "They're so busy managing the crisis, they had to turn to an American to think about it," he muses. In Israel, where we have an articulate and almost over-developed facility for foreign policy and defence issues, our ability to speak about social and economic policies with wisdom and vision appears to have atrophied. It is high time we recovered it.

Tel Aviv tug-of-war

The Post's CAROL COOK talks to the two main contenders for the mayoralty of Israel's largest city.



WITH THE LOCAL elections less than four months away, the Tel Aviv opinion polls are forecasting an overwhelming victory for the Likud's liberal mayor over his comparatively unknown Alignment opponent.

Not that Shlomo Lahat expects a walkover — even if he finally decides to run again — for he feels that the Likud "is in decline among the people."

But whatever his difficulties, he certainly does not have to cope with Dov Ben-Meir's major problem, which, in Ben-Meir's own words, is letting people know "not just what I stand for, but who I am."

"Chich" was in a good humour one day last month, as he listened to a stinging denunciation of himself and his administration by Arie Zucker, chairman of the municipal control committee.

Zucker and the rest of the opposition on the city council were trying for a vote of no-confidence in Lahat over the State Comptroller's report, which had called City Hall to task on a number of counts — including lax enforcement of fire regulations and an unauthorized road Lahat built near his home in Afeka.

Although he banged his gavel repeatedly to still the numerous noisy interruptions from coalition supporters, Lahat showed little interest in the debate. Maybe his mind was on his meeting later that same day with the local branch of Herut.

At that meeting, he demanded veto power over the next city council list, threatening to withdraw his candidacy for re-election if he didn't get it.

It's still good theatre, even if it is a replay from the elections of five years ago, when he threatened to run independently if he were not given the power to veto the council list. Some think Lahat may get the people, he wants; most think he won't; either way, he gets headlines.

Lahat is the type of person voters feel strongly about, and that's the way he wants it.

The mayor was never considered a central figure, a boss, before. I changed that," he says.

"As long as Shlomo Lahat is mayor of Tel Aviv, there is an address here — a personal responsibility. Some want to hang the mayor, others admire him; but they don't ignore him."

IT'S GOOD politics for someone relatively new to the game. Lahat came to City Hall after 26 years in the Israel Defence Forces. Born in Berlin in 1927, he was brought to this country in 1933. The family settled in Rehovot, where Lahat acquired his early schooling and his nickname, Chich.

"I was the captain of a tug-of-war team in the neighbourhood," he recalls, "and the janitor in the building would encourage us by urging in Yiddish, 'Tsi, tsi — Pull, pull.' From that came Chich, and it stuck."

He went to the Gordon High School in Tel Aviv, and after graduating in 1946 joined the Hagana. He made the army a career until 1972, rising to the rank of major-general.

Lahat and his wife Ziva, who is head of the social sciences library at Tel Aviv University, were married in 1955. They have two sons: Dan, a second-year law student, and Avner, who is serving with the artillery in Lebanon. Like many another holder of public office, Lahat admits that his wife influences his decisions, although he won't be specific.

"Ziva is a beautiful, clever and dominating person, I have to admit. She has a great influence on me. She's wise, she's balanced." He doesn't need to ask her advice, he says. "She just tells me."

After retiring from the IDF, Lahat went almost straight into Tel Aviv City Hall in 1973. Standing as a Liberal, he narrowly defeated Labour's Mayor Yehoshua Rabinowitz. He believes he has been a good mayor, and says so frequently. He talks of the improvements in the underprivileged neighbourhoods, better city maintenance, larger education budgets, the new seashore promenade, manpower cuts at the municipality, and better enforce-

ment of by-laws. Indeed, one of his favourite subjects is law and order.

"The police are not under my jurisdiction — to my sorrow," he said, "but all the municipal regulations — concerning pollution, noise, sanitation, licences for business and construction — well, these laws were not being enforced. I changed this whole tendency. A business won't dare to open in Tel Aviv today without a licence. Offices don't dare to violate zoning regulations."

"And the problem is that people don't believe us. It was a tragedy, that the youngster in Kfar Shalem didn't believe that we would destroy his illegal structure, and the builder in Dizengoff didn't believe that we would take down one floor, and Mr. Shif didn't believe us, and Mrs. Dayan didn't believe that we would take the fence down."

IN ALMOST 10 years in City Hall, there have been disappointments, too. One of the biggest was the fact that more aid has not come Lahat's way from the government.

"I wasn't successful in getting the government to help Tel Aviv as much as it should. It was a political failure," he says. "Tel Aviv being the only city which the Zionist movement established and created, it should have been held by the Israeli government in much higher esteem and much more money should have been allocated to it."

While the development towns received large subsidies for infrastructure, housing and education, Tel Aviv, with its many slum areas, was on its own. Because of this says Lahat, children from Tel Aviv's underprivileged neighbourhoods grow up "weaker" than their parents, while children from development towns are "stronger — according to any yardstick you use."

WHILE other cities get their infrastructure from the government, Lahat complains, Tel Aviv has to pay for every tile and every inch of turf. He is hoping to remedy this situation by drafting council

members with more clout in Jerusalem.

"I want to have people with more influence," he says. Then he recalled how his predecessor, Rabinovich, and other members of the powerful Gush within Labour in the early '60s, were able to flout Ben-Gurion's wishes and push through development plans for North Tel Aviv.

"And that was when Ben-Gurion was in his prime, when he said we must develop and settle people only in the Negev and Galilee." The analogy with the Begin government's priorities in the territories is clear. But Lahat seems to have no contingency plan. If he doesn't get the influential people he wants on the council, he says he simply won't run.

If he does, and wins, he says his priorities will be developing Tel Aviv's centre, Jaffa and the underprivileged neighbourhoods; solving the traffic problem; and reorganizing what he calls "a bad and inefficient" engineering department.

Despite what the opinion polls say, Lahat admits that his re-election is by no means a foregone conclusion.

"The poor economic situation, a fall in the stock market, may influence people to change their votes," he says. "I have a sense that the Likud is in decline among the people. And I know that I'm going to suffer from that."

MEANWHILE, Dov Ben-Meir is hoping that the magic that proved in Jimmy Carter's case that you don't have to be well known to win an election may work for him on October 25.

"After all," the Alignment candidate points out, "when I was nominated in March, they were saying I had a one per cent chance of beating Lahat. A recent poll gave me 17 per cent. Not bad. But I have a lot of work to do to let people know not just what I stand for, but who I am."

Ben-Meir was born in Poland in 1927, was brought to Palestine at the age of eight, and grew up in Tel

Aviv. He studied at the agricultural high school in Pardes Hanna, served for a year in the Hagana, and then went to Kibbutz Kfar Giladi where a *garin* that was preparing to found a new settlement. He helped establish Kibbutz Maayan Baruch in the Hula Valley in 1947 and stayed there until 1953, when he went to Jerusalem to resume his studies. After working for a time at a school for the blind, he entered the Hebrew University to study economics and political science. He worked for eight years in the government information centre, and was director of the national campaign against cancer.

By the time he left Jerusalem for Tel Aviv in 1970, he was married to Lili Hendel and had two daughters, Rachel and Tali. In that year, he was appointed secretary of the Tel Aviv branch of the Labour Party, a post he held until 1976. During part of this period, he worked with Rabinowitz planning the development of the city.

In 1976 Ben-Meir moved to the Histadrut, as secretary of the Tel Aviv Labour Council, the post he still holds. He was elected to the Knesset in 1981.

IN ADDITION to two school textbooks and a handbook on the Histadrut, Ben-Meir wrote *The Crisis in Israeli Society*.

Published in 1973, this grew out of an earlier attempt to write a novel, whose opening scenes describe a massive invasion of Israel by Arab armies and the destruction of the state. Ben-Meir says friends discouraged him from continuing the novel. "Don't write such a book," they told me. "It's unpatriotic." So instead I wrote *Crisis*, which foresaw some of the problems we're facing today — including the social divisions and the growing strength of the military."

He still plans to write a novel; but these days Ben-Meir's main leisure-time pursuit is reading, and his favourite book is the *Tel Aviv Statistical Yearbook*, published by City Hall's Centre for Economic and Social Research. Its data shows a shrinking population, with young

families continuing to flee to the suburbs; a sharp decrease in building starts; a decline in the number of retail businesses operating in the city; and a drop in real family income.

"Lahat buys the voters with cosmetics, instead of trying to solve the real problems of the city," Ben-Meir charges. "There hasn't been any real development here in the past 10 years — only some pavements, a few small gardens, sidewalks. What happened to the central bus station? Young couples are leaving the city because they can't find housing. What about the Ayulon highway? They said there was no money for the project. But they could have raised funds by selling office space above the highway — the plans were there. There were plans for underground parking beneath Kikar Malchei Israel. Why weren't they used? The central bus station could have been a gold mine if it had been sold to private investors."

"Lahat blames the government for not building housing. But the government always has other priorities. Rabinowitz encouraged the construction of flats for young couples by giving builders a larger density percentage so that they would put up bigger developments. Rabinowitz pushed for *Tochnit Laned* in North Tel Aviv over the objections of Ben-Gurion, who wanted the money for the Negev. The mayor is in command, he can't just blame the government."

IT SEEMS ironic to hear Ben-Meir, with his kibbutz background, his years in the Labour Party and the Histadrut, extol the virtues of private investment, while Lahat wants to rely on aid from the Treasury. Ben-Meir presses the point again and again.

"Tel Aviv is on the way to bankruptcy," he says. "Lahat is doing to Tel Aviv what John Lindsay did to New York. There is a deficit of \$5 billion in the budget this year, and Lahat assumes the government will make it up. What if they don't?"

"There are more than 20 municipal companies. Why don't they operate on a commercial basis and go public in order to mobilize funds? That way, the city could lessen its dependence on the government budget."

The city must also find a way to attract higher-income families and businesses, in order to generate more tax revenue, Ben-Meir believes. At present, its more affluent citizens are leaving.

"Who will pay taxes in Tel Aviv if the only people left here are the pensioners and the welfare cases?" he asks.

HE HAS a scheme for building 6,000 new penthouse flats on top of existing downtown buildings. He believes young couples would return to the city if they could find reasonably priced housing with schools and kindergartens nearby.

With such a vast panorama of problems to tackle and an uphill fight against an incumbent mayor, why did he accept the candidacy? "I was first asked to do it in 1981, and I refused. I only accepted last March. It was a political decision. I believe that whoever wants to change the regime in the country should start with Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv is the symbol of the recklessness of the Likud. No responsibility, just *la dolce vita*. Avidor gave us colour television sets and Lahat gives us gardens, concerts and pavements, instead of solving the real problems."



THIS WEEK'S EVENTS
THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

July 9 — 14

EXPRESSIONISTS RECHHEIM COLLECTION

The exhibition was made possible by a grant from the Federal Republic of Germany. The catalogue was published with the generous assistance of Bank Leumi. The exhibition includes 484 works: Oils, watercolours, drawings and prints by 32 of the major German expressionists, presenting the artistic stream which originated at the beginning of the twentieth century. Among the artists: Erich Heckel, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Otto Mueller, Emil Nolde, Max Pechstein, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Beckman, Otto Dix, Oskar Kokoschka and others.

GALLERY TALKS IN ENGLISH AT THE EXHIBITION
"EXPRESSIONISTS — RECHHEIM COLLECTION": Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays — at 10.00 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays — at 2.30 p.m.

LECTURE (in Hebrew)

German Expressionism and its Sources in Primitive Art, by Dr. Edna Mayer. Department of the History of Art, Tel Aviv University. In cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel Aviv. Thursday, 14.7, at 8.30 p.m.

NEW EXHIBITION (Opening on Tuesday, 12.7)

PICASSO — SUITE VOLLARD
A series of one hundred etchings created by Picasso between 1930 and 1937. The etchings were selected by Ambroise Vollard, collector and publisher of the prints. The series includes prints on such themes as the Sculptor's Studio, the Minotaur, and the Battle of Love, as well as three portraits of Vollard. From the collection of the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, gift of Mr. Isidor M. Cohen, New York.

EXHIBITION

A. R. PENCK — EXPEDITION TO THE HOLY LAND, A Graphics Portfolio

COLLECTIONS

IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY ART

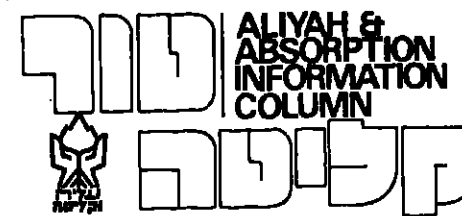
ISRAELI ART: NEW ACQUISITIONS 1982-1983
11 SCULPTURES AND TRIPTYCH — IGAL TUMARKIN. Donation of the artist to the Tel Aviv Museum

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK!

THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA, Conductor Mendel Rodan. Soloists: Robin Weisel-Caputo, soprano; Mira Zakai, contralto; William Walton, tenor; Yaron Windmuller, baritone. Programme: works by Bach, De Falla, Brahms. Tuesday, 12.7, at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA

THE WIZARD OF OZ (Japan, 1982, 70 min., in colour, Japanese with Hebrew subtitles). The new animated film from Japan based on the classic children's story. Daily at 10.30 a.m.



Readers can contact us by writing to the
ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION,
Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 816,
Jerusalem

ARMY INFORMATION EVENING

The AACI is holding a special evening for olim interested in more information regarding military service in Israel. IDF representatives and olim from North America, who have completed their army service, will be on hand to answer questions.

Date: Monday, July 11, 1983 Time: 8.00 p.m. Place: Mo'adon Haoleh, 9 Rehov Alkalai, Jerusalem.

Communicated by the Department of Information for Olim of the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the World Zionist Organization.



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EVERY WEDNESDAY

Registration and Information:

Brenda 02-631303; 02-667404 between 8.30 a.m. and 2.00 p.m.
not later than noon on Monday.

Special Screening this Week:

SWEET BARBARIANS, (Brazil, 90 min., in colour, with English subtitles). A musical film documenting the concert tour which swept Brazil by storm, with Gal Costa, Maria Bethania, Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. Tuesday, 12.7, at 11.00 p.m.

Selection of New French Films

In cooperation with the Embassy of France

BUFFET FROID (France, 1980, 90 min., with English subtitles). Directed by Bertrand Blier. Sunday, 10.7, at 8.00 p.m.

UN ETE MEURTIER (France, 1982, 114 min.). Directed by Jacques Demy. 10.7, at 10.00 p.m.

UNE CHAMBRE EN VILLE (France, 1982, 90 min.) Directed by Jacques Demy. Monday, 11.7, at 8.00 p.m.

UN ETRANGE VOYAGE (France, 1981, 99 min., with English subtitles) Directed by Alain Cavalier. Monday, 11.7, at 10.00 p.m.

ALLONS ENFANTS (France, 1981, 120 min., with English subtitles). Directed by Yves Boisset. Wednesday, 13.7, at 8.00 p.m.

JOSEPHA (France, 94 min., in colour, with Hebrew subtitles) Directed by Eric Rohmer. Wednesday, 13.7, at 10.00 p.m.

EXTERIEUR NUIT (France, 1980, 110 min., in colour, with English subtitles). Directed by Jacques Bral. Thursday, 14.7, at 8.00 p.m.

L'ARGENT (France, 1983, 81 min., in colour) Directed by Claude Bresson. Thursday, 14.7, at 10.00 p.m.

Premiere Screenings:

YOL (THE WAY) (Turkey, 1982, 111 min., in colour, with Hebrew and English subtitles). The journeys of five prisoners on leave to their families and childhood districts. The bonds of tradition, the patriarchal moral system, and the authorities' oppression (following the military coup) are the main components of the reality which awaits them outside. The film was photographed and edited according to the script and directions of the exiled film maker, Yilmaz Guney, during his detention in a Turkish prison, and was awarded the Golden Palm for Best Film and the International Critics' Prize at the 1982 Cannes Festival. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.; Saturdays at 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

BALLOONS AND AIR — FORMS AND MATERIAL. A sculptural performance and creation with balloons, with Doron Gazit and the Art Instruction Department. For 1st-6th graders. Monday, 11.7, at 11.00 a.m.

MIME GAMES. A special programme for the whole family — masks, circus mime, and more. Presented by the Boker Mima Theatre. Wednesday, 13.7, at 11.00 a.m.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. 7-10 p.m. Box Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Saturday 7-10 p.m. Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 4-8 p.m.; Circulating Exhibits (loan): Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Graphics Study Room: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and box office Tel.: 281297.

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**WOCHENBLATT
REVUE JUIVE**



Playing the fool

The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL meets a man who appeals to the child in everyone. Karen Benzian took the photographs.



EVERYBODY loves a clown. And that in itself is a strange phenomenon. After all, what's so funny about seeing a person with a ridiculously painted face grimacing at you? Or getting oversized feet mixed up and falling flat on his back?

According to Tzvika Halpern, who practises the antic art, it's because everyone was once a child, and the child persists in the adult. Naughtily, audaciously and gleefully.

Israeli-born Halpern and his German-born wife Imke, who is also a clown, together with a gaggle of budding local jesters that includes their four children, will be appearing throughout the coming week at Jerusalem's Hutsot Hayotzer, as part of the capital's annual Arts and Crafts Fair.

The universal appeal of the clown is as strong today as it ever was, says Halpern.

"The Rolling Stones know their audiences, for instance they used the Hell's Angels instead of regular police to keep order at their rock fests. But when things went wrong and violence erupted in the audiences, they hired a bevy of

clowns to mingle with the audience. To keep things light and ease the tension." This, he says, is what clowns have always done, providing a counterpoint of relief to dangerous acts like trapeze artists and lion tamers.

There's also the matter of slapstick, according to Halpern. The word slapstick derives from medieval court jesters, who were often beaten and slapped "for fun."

Halpern recalls how Charlie Chaplin made use in his clowning of the resentment most people feel towards figures of authority. "He made policemen, top-hatted gentlemen and prim dowagers the butt of his humour. People like to see the embarrassment of authority figures."

Another member of the troupe explains that "people like to see others get what they deserve." He describes a kid driving into the ring on a unicycle. The kid is smug. He's doing something you can't do. Somehow you feel a bit jealous. Then he falls off. You laugh. He tries to get on again. You laugh when he falls, but when he goes on trying, you begin to sympathize...

"He's not so smug, merely human. He tries and tries and you find yourself rooting for him, wanting him to succeed. When he finally makes it you are happy, you applaud."

"All the time you know it's an act, that he's only pretending to fall. But you forget, for a moment, that it's make-believe."

Halpern, who also teaches drama workshops, says there's also another level — a sort of embarrassment.

"The clown is doing the very thing most people live in terror of — he's making a fool of himself in public." He describes how he sometimes stops in the middle of a workshop lecture and starts to clown.

"They sit there dumbfounded. They know I'm not such a fool — after all I've just been lecturing to them — but I'm acting like a fool. They don't know what to do. The tension mounts... and then they laugh." It is this tension that makes people burst into gates of almost uncontrollable laughter.

TZVIKA and Imke Halpern work hard at being clowns but Tzvika

says there's a difference. "I studied to be a clown," he says. "I came from the legitimate theatre to the study of mime and to working under circus clowns in Europe."

"With me it's technique, and a performance takes everything I've got. Imke, on the other hand, is a 'natural.' She doesn't need to think about technique or psychology. She operates from her natural instincts and gets more laughs than I do."

Because they realized the natural aspects of clowning, Tzvika and Imke Halpern started to include their four children in their act. "They just come up on the stage, four children from six years down to 20 months, and they do what comes naturally. They're usually funnier than their parents," says Imke.

She herself came to clowning, she says, "by marrying a clown." She was a photographer who was sent in 1975 on an assignment to photograph the "Festival of Fools" in Amsterdam. There she met Tzvika and was converted to clown-dom.

THE HALPERNS work with a number of Jerusalemites who have "clown

fever." Among their performers are teenage stilt-walkers and a pair of expert unicyclists, the younger one only nine years old. Tzvika walks the tight-rope while playing his flute and cutting capers. Imke performs at stage level, as do their four children.

But what do the children who work with this small circus get from it?

"First of all, a legitimate chance to be the centre of attention," says Tzvika, smiling. "We all want that. Then there's the getting into the habit of working with others, including the audience. Of developing sensitivity to the atmosphere. And," he adds with a laugh, "getting over your fear of making a fool of yourself, because that's what you're there for."

Watching the antics of the circus at a rehearsal last week, it was obvious that the four Halpern children have no inhibitions about playing the fool. Although Tzvika comes off stage exhausted and often depressed, the children love it.

And so do the audiences, as they see themselves, and all mankind, through the eyes of innocence.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ANNA KURDI — Musical about Kurdish life presented by the Mazu Zion Community Theatre. (Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lantern Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hymann, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND IRISH FOLK — David Lickstein, harp, Yonah Miller, violin and mandolin, Shai Tachner, guitar, David Gould, double-bass, David Metzger, guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yael Salomon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wed. at 8 p.m.) Haim Buta plays classical, jazz and Israeli music. (Zorba the Buddha, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. (Palmer Lufman folkdancers, International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeq Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weigal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Glimstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd. Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With well-known Israeli musicians. (Pargud, 94 Bezael, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargud, today at 1.30 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Lohamim folkdancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

REUVEN AMSETERIDAM — Fiddle and mandolin. Classical and folk music. (Zorba the Buddha, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

SLIDE SHOW — "Birds of the Heavens, Beasts of the Fields — the Bible as Source." Slides by the late Gail Ruben. (Windmill Hotel, tomorrow and Monday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEL ZILBER — (Moudon Shablul, Dvignoff Center, tonight at midnight; tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ESPECIALLY FOR YOU — Jazz singer Alula Pamel, Riki Berman, piano, Emile Ram, bass guitar, Nissim Yemini, drums. (Moudon Shablul, Thursday at midnight)

ISRAELI AND SOUTH AMERICAN SONGS — With Omer Vishinsky. (Moudon Shablul, Tuesday at midnight)

JAZZ CELLAR — Arlec Kaminaky, drums, Emile Ram, bass, Danny Goutier, piano, Jerusalem Jacobowitz, saxophone. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weymann, Sunday)

JOE — Rock 'n' Roll. (Moudon Shablul, Wednesday at midnight)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shilomo Bar Abu, Gidi Gov, Shlomo Yavon, Momi Moshonov, Yoni Rechter. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 and midnight)

ROCK AND LAUGHTER — With Arie Meekva, Avi Singolda, Adi Weiss, Avi Agabim. (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford, Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — (Ramat Gan, Ordea, tonight at 10; Ein Hared, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Kir Memshem, Monday at 9 p.m., Kir Talot, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — (Rehovot, Wis, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated

Jerusalem

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheba Theatre production. (Behar Centre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SCOOP — By Amiin Gray, Khan Theatre production. (Khan, tomorrow and Sunday)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hana Levi. A Camer Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRE FOR ALL — Improvisations directed by Liora Hanoach. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 10)

Tel Aviv area

BORDERLINE CASE — By Ruth Hazan. Music by Alex Kagan. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Givoli, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DIRTY HANDS — By Sartre. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Milman. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE WOOD — By Haim Marini. Produced by the Gypsy Theatre. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yvael-New Zedek Theatre production. (New Zedek Theatre Centre, 6 Yehieli, tonight at 10; tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE TEACHER — Directed by Hillel Meikam and starring Yona Ehan. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Habimah production — (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TRUE WEST — Camer production. (Tzavta, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

YOSHA EGEL — By L.J. Singer. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

CATS IN THE BAG — Comedy produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Traklin, tomorrow and Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

GUTTERING PRIZES — By Frederick Raphael. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron. Written by Doron and Frances Kame. Directed by Ilan Eldad and translated by Ada Ben Nahum. (Petah Tikva, Mofat, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — (Beersheba, Beit Hicim, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Arad, Oran Cinema, Tuesday)

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1983



Members of Inbal Dance Theatre appear this week in Jerusalem, in a programme of works by local choreographers.

MUSIC

Jerusalem

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

11.11 SERIES — Varda and Irit, guitar, play works by Dowland, Sor, J.S. Bach, Brahms and Granados. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ORGAN RECITAL — Michael Veltmann plays works by Couperin, Bach, Franck, Verne and Albin. (Dormition Abbey, Sunday). Sherry Smith Withers plays works by Franck, Mozart, Widor. (Dormition Abbey, Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodin, conductor, Robin Weisel — Capriccio, soprano, Mira Zakai, alto, William Walton, tenor, Yaron Windmiller, baritone. Works by Bach, De Falla and Brahms. (Dormition Abbey, Mount Zion, tomorrow)

THE 13th ZIMRIYA — International festival of choirs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

PIANO AND CELLO RECITAL — Idit Segal and Shmuel Magen play works by Bach, Brahms, Franck and Haim Alexander. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, Sunday)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor, Itzhak Perlman, violin. Works by Avni, Mozart, Berg and Tchaikovsky. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow) Works by Webern, Schumann and Tchaikovsky. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Details as for Jerusalem. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

THE 13th ZIMRIYA — (Wahl Amphitheatre, Thursday)

Other towns

PIANO RECITALS — Marina Sandler plays works by Beethoven, Chopin and Scriabin. Yvael Sandler plays works by Mozart, Brahms and Debussy. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight) Israel Kastoriano plays works by Bach and Beethoven. (Yuval, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Details as for Jerusalem. (Beersheba Conservatory, Sunday and Monday)

CHAMBER MUSIC — Oran Shik, clarinet, Omer Davidov, soprano, Danny Rimoni, violin, Anat Kastner, piano. Works by Schumann, Mozart, Brahms and Schumann. (Yuval, Monday)

FLUTE RECITAL — Idit Bar-Moshe and Benjamin Gidat play works by Telemann, Samitz and others. (Yuval, Wednesday)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM — (Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 1.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MEET THE ORCHESTRA — Members of the Israel Sinfonietta. (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE — By Ken Campbell. Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Sunday through Thursday at 9.30 and 11.30 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lilith Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, Monday at 7.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Family concert. Mira Zakai, alto, Michael Meltzer, flute and recorder, and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Programme of songs and games. (Beit Anet, Monday and Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD — By Arik's Puppet Theatre. For ages 5-10. (Beit

Herat, Tuesday at 4 p.m.; Holon, Rona, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Givatayim, Shavit, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Haifa

PUPPETS — Dance programme by Ruth Lshel. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 6.30 p.m.)

Other towns

THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD — (Ashdod, Eshel, Sunday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Haim, Monday at 5 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

DALIA LOW — Flamenco. (Khan, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

INBAL DANCE THEATRE — Works choreographed by Sara Levy, Tami, Leah Avraham, Shlomo Hartz. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Behar Centre, Tuesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

THE STUDENTS GROUP — Programme of song and dance. M.C. — Dan Biron. (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday)

Tel Aviv area

DALIA LOW — (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

INBAL DANCE THEATRE — (Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

Sunday: En Gora, Nahal Kinar and train ride

to Jerusalem — Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return to Jerusalem Railway Station by about 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.00 p.m.

Tuesday: From Har Gilo to Jerusalem — Meet:

12.45 p.m. Return to Jerusalem, about 6.00 p.m.

Wednesday: Ein Karem and Surroundings — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 1.00 p.m.

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONI/O in Jerusalem Cinemas

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri., July 8
Double feature/1 ticket:
Man With The Golden Gun 2.30
Friday The 13th at 9
Sat., July 9
Splendor In The Grass 7.30, 9.30
Sun., July 10
Tom Thumb 5.30
Double feature/1 ticket:
Man With The Golden Gun 7.15
Friday The 13th at 9
Mon., July 11
Triple feature/1 ticket:
Private Lessons 6.30
Lemon Popsicle 8
Stripes 9.45
Tue., July 12
Triple feature/1 ticket:
Private Lessons 6.30
Lemon Popsicle 8
Stripes 9.45
Wed., July 13
Double feature/1 ticket:
A Star Is Born 7
A Star Is Born 9
Thur., July 14
Double feature/1 ticket:
A Star Is Born 7
A Star Is Born 9

EDEN

2nd week
KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

2nd week
James Bond 007
OCTOPUSSY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

IIABIRAH

11th week
TOOTSIE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur., 11.30 a.m.:
Wed. 11 a.m.: TOM SAWYER
Sun. 8:
SCULPTOR GEORGE SEGAL
AMERICAN ART IN THE 60's
MASTERS OF MODERN
SCULPTURE
Mon. 2. SCULPTOR GEORGE
SEGAL
Wed. 2. MASTERS OF MODERN
SCULPTURE
Tue. 6. 8.30: ALTERED STATES

KFIR

2nd week
Israeli film
SABABA
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION

Israel Premiere
Adventures of "Star Wars" and
"The Empire Strikes Back" con-
tinue in



MARK HAMILL
HARRISON FORD
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ORIGIL

4th week
LA BOUM II
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

RON

4th week
FINALS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

6th week
HERBIE GOES BANANAS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

ORNA

Tel. 224733
Nice comedy full of laughs,
for the entire family

LA RETOUR DES BIDASES EN FOLIR

Sundays 1575 per ticket
10.30 a.m. pfrs. during vacation at
1550 per ticket
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

2nd week
FRANCES
* JESSICA LANGE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

2nd week
THE SECRET OF NIMH
Saturday, 7.30, 9
Weekdays 4, 5.30, 7

TEL AVIV Cinemas

2nd week
TRINITY
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHODA

11th week
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY

CHEN 1
9th week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 4

9th week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

CHEN 2

9th week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 3

2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 5

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 6

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
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Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 7

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Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 8

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 9

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

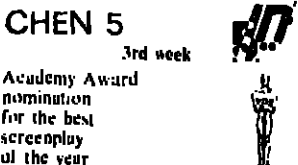
CHEN 10

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 4
9th week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 5

9th week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982



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Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

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Academy Award 1982
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Academy Award 1982
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Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

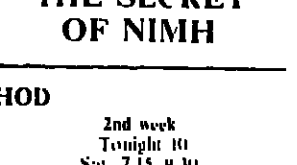
CHEN 10

3rd week
Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

GAT
22nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

GAT

22nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

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Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

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Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

PEER
2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

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2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
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Golden Globe Award 1982



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Weekdays 6.15, 9
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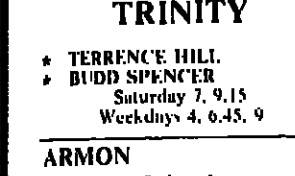
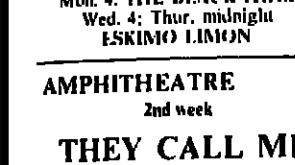
PEER

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Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
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Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

HAIFA Cinemas

HAIFA Cinemas

2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat., and weekdays 6.30, 9.30
* NERVY STREEP Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

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KEREN OR
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. and weekdays "HEIDI"

KEREN OR

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. and weekdays "HEIDI"



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

KEREN OR

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. and weekdays "HEIDI"

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AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. and weekdays "HEIDI"

KEREN OR

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. and weekdays "HEIDI"

LILY
4th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 8.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7
Weekdays 11, 4, 5.30, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

LILY

4th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 8.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7
Weekdays 11, 4, 5.30, 7
SECRET OF NIMH



SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

LILY

4th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 8.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7
Weekdays 11, 4, 5.30, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

LILY

4th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 8.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7
Weekdays 11, 4, 5.30, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

LILY

4th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 8.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7
Weekdays 11, 4, 5.30, 7

I WOULDN'T swear to it, for it is two-and-a-half years since I last saw the *Story of a Ridiculous Man*, but if memory serves, I believe the version released now in Israel is different from the original. Which certainly makes sense, since the reception a couple of years ago, in Cannes, was less than enthusiastic, and there has been a lot of talk since then about possible alterations which might help in the salvage operation.

If I am correct, some 10 minutes have been trimmed in the present version and the emphasis has been changed from an objective story to a subjective one, spun by the main character, who presents the plot from his own point of view.

The end has been switched, so it is less explicit than before, the last frame suggesting something of a reference to Charlie Chaplin's eternal tramp.

All this sounds pretty interesting, and it is. But the trouble with Bernardo Bertolucci's latest movie is that talking about it beats seeing it by miles. For, in spite of the facelift it has been given, it still has a vastly incredible plot, presented in a stilted and pretentious manner, attempting to embrace almost every topic that preoccupies Italy today, and managing to say precious little about anything.

As a matter of fact, due to some of the alterations, the few points that are made by the movie seem almost reactionary and old-fashioned in spirit, something that Bertolucci, judging by his past record and films, couldn't have possibly meant.

The plot focuses on Primo Spaggiari, the owner of a cheese factory near Parma. Spaggiari, a peasant's

Hard nose, dirty nose

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

son, is shrewd, ruthless, and hard-working and built his empire out of nothing. Inside his factory, watching over the vats as the milk is turned into huge chunks of grana, he is in his element; a man who knows every detail of the process, could replace each one of his employees at a moment's notice, and controls every aspect of production with a sure hand.

But once away from the office, Spaggiari is a different person. He is clumsy, awkward and slightly ridiculous. He lives in a pale copy of a medieval castle (with the original next door to him) but walks through his house like a stranger. His suits are too large, his trousers too long, his back rather bent and somehow he never looks freshly shaved. He walks with a slump, he is uncouth, and uneducated — altogether, an embarrassment to the society of people who share his level of wealth.

His wife — polished, refined, French — had chosen him, she says, because of his vitality, which was in sharp contrast to the aristocratic lethargy of her own background. But with the years, almost all that is left is a fascination for his virility, now combined with a heavy dose of disgust for his manners, his lack of savoir vivre, his exclusive concern with his business and his ignorance of the finer things in life.

THE THEME is stated in the first

frames. Spaggiari has just celebrated his birthday, and his teenage son has given him as a present a captain's cap, a pair of binoculars, and a jeering note in which he says that he finds his father's ambition to buy a yacht absurd. But just for the fun of it, he is supplying the first decoration necessary. And Spaggiari, as he glances at himself in the mirror, starts to comment, off-screen, on the events that are about to take place. As he does so, the plot is triggered by the binoculars he has just received.

Spaggiari, on the roof of his factory, looks through this new toy, searches over the horizon, and sees with his own eyes an unidentified vehicle force his son's car off the road. As the young man extricates himself from the overturned automobile, three men in black, their faces covered by masks, take hold of him and stuff him into the offending car.

This is indeed a dramatic start, but it leads into a maze of immobile motives that are, somehow, never clarified. From this moment on, father and mother are ever-vigilant for the slightest indication of their son's fate. Is it a political kidnapping, or is it just a gang of hoodlums, who are sending the strange notes? Why is the wife in such a hurry to turn her husband's solid assets into cash, which should be prepared in case ransom is demanded? What exactly are the motives behind the peculiar behaviour of his son's

sweetheart and his friend, a worker-priest, both employed in Spaggiari's factory?

All these questions are left open, or rather, are given to a variety of interpretations, according to the mood and the inspiration of the spectator. It could be argued that through this picture, Bertolucci is attempting to paint a portrait of Italian society today, the clash between old gentry and new bourgeoisie, the restlessness of the proletariat which finds difficulty in choosing between legitimate social protest and terror, the drift of spoiled kids towards extremism, and on top of all this, the economic crisis, which makes any sort of legitimate business unprofitable, pushes all manufacturers into bankruptcy, and induces men to adopt a financial sleight of hand, forcing people to limits where morals lose any meaning.

It that is so, Bertolucci provides an accurate picture of the difference between the old rich — who disdain money because they never had to work for it — and the new rich — who regard their property with the same affection they have for their offspring.

But, if I may borrow the interpretation offered to me by a most reputable French producer (who thought the film was outstanding), this could also be seen as the emasculation of the male, who has his most precious possession — his factory — taken from him.

According to this interpretation, the wife and the son, who is ashamed of his father (as it is clearly hinted at in the dialogue) plot to create a situation which will leave him no choice but to give up the thing dearest to him, sell it, and use

the proceeds to pay the ransom and save the life of the victim, who may not be a victim at all.

The truth may lie somewhere between these opinions, but Bertolucci treats his subject with such arbitrary casualness that viewers may stop caring long before they reach their own conclusions. Too many things happen here just because Bertolucci wants them to happen and not because they evolve from the story itself. Not to mention the fact that in its present form with a narrator recounting the story, there are details in it that are simply out of place because the narrator had no way of knowing about them.

And if one can find Bertolucci's usual flair for spectacular compositions, incorporating perfectly the landscape of his home province, Parma, shot magnificently by Carlo di Palma (who photographed many years ago Antonioni's *Red Desert*), one also finds that sometimes scenes occur simply for the sake of having the compositions materialize on screen, such as the needless 'in seek game in the pig sties' — a very impressive spectacle, but quite superfluous to the plot.

FINALLY, and this irked many people when the film was released, it is a sign of political cowardice on behalf of Bertolucci to use terrorism as a dramatic device without having anything valid to say about it, worse, by avoiding any confrontation with it.

Bertolucci, who was very brave and outspoken about politics in the past (*The Conformist*, *The Spider's Strategy* or even *1900*), begins by taking one of Italy's most painful problems and ends by coping out.

SOUTH AFRICAN author Athol Fugard's plays are small-scale, realistic in form, and bear some social import. They depend entirely on sharp outlines and strong acting. The production of *The Island* at the Haifa Municipal Theatre contains both these qualities. The director, Amit Gazit, has supplied the sharp outlines, and the two actors, Yussuf Abu-Yarda and Makram Hour, the strong acting (both are by now well known to the Israeli public as actors in *Michel Ezra Safra* and *Sons* on TV).

The performance is in Arabic — which, like the Hebrew translation, is by Anton Shamas — and this may contribute to the convincing use of vivid gestures, expressive voice modulation, and the right mixture of reality and fantasy. A Hebrew translation and an introductory summary are supplied, and even without knowing Arabic one can follow the plot quite well.

THIS IS the story of two black political prisoners incarcerated on South Africa's penal island, one for life and one for several years. The background of the events we see on the stage is their physical and mental suffering, their attempt to retain their sanity and their human dignity, their longing for their families, and their relationship with each other. The latter is put to a severe test by the sudden pardon of one of them,

Perils of politics

THEATRE / Uri Rapp

who will be able to leave the island within a few months.

Against this background, Fugard has developed a wonderful dramatic idea: for a "party" the prisoners are going to throw they prepare a show based on Sophocles' *Antigone*. They rehearse the trial scene between Creon and Antigone, having some fun with the female disguise, but mainly using their improvised dialogue, to voice their protest against the cruelty of the jailers, the inhumanity of a life sentence, the arbitrariness of tyranny. They proclaim the rights of man and the supremacy of the laws of humanity over the laws of the state.

The combination of Sophocles' ideas, of the prison situation, of the political background of South Africa, and of the Arabic language, is strong fare indeed. I am not an advocate of "actuality" in the theatre, of dealing directly with current affairs because this usually smacks of propaganda. On the other hand, a play is topical if it has some universal meaning which applies to the here and now. *The Island*, as

presented by these two good actors, has this kind of appeal.

A SECOND important contribution to our cultural life has been made by the Haifa Municipal Theatre in its presentation of *The Survivor*. This is a dramatization by Susan Manus of Jack Eisner's autobiographical novel. The American director Robert A. Ackerman, who has already mounted this play in New York, agreed to do it in Haifa on condition that the parts of the teenagers were played by high-school students of the same age as the protagonists. The outcome is quite unusual: inexperienced youngsters with a certain freshness and a lot of enthusiasm, side by side with experienced actors in all the adult parts.

The play deals with the Warsaw Ghetto, its life and the 1943 uprising from the point of view of teenagers who are condemned to grow up in these merciless and demoralizing circumstances.

Since the production is intended as an educational project and was

presented mainly for pupils of Haifa schools, normal theatrical criticism does not apply. If the criterion is educational, then this performance must be highly praised; it revives the memory of the Holocaust in a manner appealing to youngsters, emotionally gripping and true to life. This is a valuable contribution to the community.

The department of Theatre Art of Tel Aviv University, which regularly presents performances by its students, recently produced Brecht's *Terror and Misery of the Third Reich*. Since the choice of actors and the way they are directed are based on educational considerations, there is no point in criticizing the acting. Nevertheless, I am happy to be able to record that with all the shortcomings of inexperienced actors, under the direction of the department's Tom Levy, Brecht's play came across strongly and convincingly. I never cease to wonder at the power of this playwright, surely one of the greatest of all times.

The Third Reich is meant to show what happens to a relatively well-educated and civilized people at the hands of an oppressive regime, under the influence of fear, injustice, and constant brainwashing. It was written in 1938, before the atrocities usually associated with the Nazis, it is still frightening enough. In 15 short scenes (Brecht's original 24) the sliding of a whole nation into its

own kind of hell is vividly depicted. Without attempting to compare it with our own conditions (indeed, all such comparisons, whether coming from the right or the left, only serve to trivialize what Nazism really meant), one might be allowed to say that these scenes still send a shiver down the spine, not only because of what happened then but because of the thought of what all of us might be capable of in circumstances of terror and public hysteria. Human weakness and treachery are mercilessly exposed by Brecht, and it is to be hoped that a larger public will in time be able to experience this play.

IN VIEW OF the many evenings of low entertainment presented in all kinds of places, including many hotels, it seemed a nice idea on the part of Tel Aviv's Carlton Penta Hotel to organize an event of "high culture": a Shakespeare evening. The evening consisted of two parts. First, the Cantilena group of the Academy of Music performed some songs and other items from Shakespeare's time. This group specializes in medieval and Baroque music, and is accompanied by the instruments of the period.

The second part of the programme consisted of a presentation of some scenes from Shakespeare's comedies and one tragedy (*Macbeth*).

This Week in Israel-The Leading Tourist Guide-This Week in Israel-The Leading

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Sat. at 7.30 pm: Dora Flor and Her Two Husbands

9.30 pm: New Dance in Film Series "Bodies in Space"

Sun. at 9.30 pm: Hotel d'Amerique

Mon. at 6 pm: Spartacus Kubrick 7 & 9 pm: (in small hall) New Dance in Film Series "Dancing in the Kitchen"

9.30 pm: High Noon

Tues. at 4 pm: Beautiful People

7 pm: Invasion of the Body Snatchers Don Segal

9.30 pm: Opname

Wed. at 7 & 9 pm: (in small hall) New Dance in Film Series - Video Program

9.30 pm: The Shining Kubrick

Thurs. at 7 pm: Eating Raoul

9.30 pm: Je t'aime, Je t'aime

midnight: Rosemary's Baby

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THE ISRAEL BALLET

JULY: CALENDAR OF PERFORMANCES

*CARMIEL, Heychal Ha'tarbut, Friday, July 15 at 9.15 pm.

"Giselle" Act II

Mendelssohn Concerto

Opus 1 - World Premiere

*Belt Shean, "Kimron" Auditorium, July 21 at 9.15 pm.

Mendelssohn Concerto

Opus 1

Pas de Deux from "Agon" Fancy Free

*Tel Aviv - Last performance of the season in Beit Hanayal, Saturday night, July 23 at 8.30 pm.

"Giselle" Act II

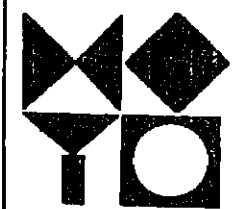
Opus 1

Mendelssohn Concerto

Tickets available - Carmiel, Heychal Ha'tarbut, (04) 687651, Belt Shean, Regional Council & Library of Beit Shean, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Rehovot, Kfar Saba, Lod, Netanya, Ramat Hasharon, and on the evening of the performances at the box offices.

For more information please call: The Israel Ballet, Tel. (02) 266810

This Week in Israel - The Leading JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS
Permanent Collections of Judaica, Art and Archaeology
George Segal - an exhibition of the well known American sculptor, including 16 life-size plaster sculptures made in the last twenty years
Dreams, Visions, Metaphors - the photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo. A retrospective of the works of the Mexican photographer, spanning over 60 years of activity
Looking at Pictures - a didactic exhibition dealing with the components of two-dimensional art and the ways they affect the viewer. By courtesy of Marlène and Walter Griesmann, London, and Dubek Ltd.
Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vivaldi - 18th century Venetian operatic caricatures
China and the Islamic World (from Aug. 12)
Kadish Barnes - at the Rockefeller Museum
The Wonderful World of Paper - Paley Center

SPECIAL EXHIBITS
Capernaum Heard
A New Mosaic in the Norman P. Schenker Archaeology Garden
Oil Lamp Section
The Permanent Exhibit in the Prehistory Hall
Yemenite Torah Finials ("Rimonim")

EVENTS
SATURDAY NIGHT FILM
Saturday, July 9 at 20.30
"AMERICAN IN PARIS" (1951)
Dir. Vincente Minelli; with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron; music: George & Ira Gershwin
CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., July 10; Mon., July 11; Tues., July 12; Thurs., July 14 at 11.00 & 16.30
Wed., July 13 and Fri., July 15 at 11.00
"TOM SAWYER" - based on Mark Twain's classic.
Dir. Don Taylor; music: Sherman Brothers; with Johnnie Whitaker, Jodie Foster.

SPECIAL SCREENING
Sunday, July 10 at 20.00
THREE FILMS - "George Segal", "American Art in the 60's" and "Masters of Modern Sculpture - The New World"

SPECIAL SCREENING
Monday, July 11 at 14.00
"GEORGE SEGAL" (68 min.)
George Segal is shown installing a retrospective of his works, working on new pieces, and commenting on the nature of his plaster-cast sculptures. (Entrance free).

FILM
Tuesday, July 12 at 18.00 & 20.30
"ALTERED STATES"
Dir. Ken Russell; with William Hurt, Blair Brown.

SPECIAL SCREENING
Wednesday, July 13 at 14.00
"MASTERS OF MODERN SCULPTURE - THE NEW WORLD" (68 min.)
A survey of the works of 22 American sculptors active within the last quarter century (in conjunction with the George Segal exhibition). Entrance free.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT
Wednesday, July 13 at 16.15
MEET THE ORCHESTRA - CONCERT FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS
Trio, quartet, sextet by Beethoven, Schubert, Gounod and others; with members of the Israel Sinfonietta; music director: Mendi Rodan; sponsored by Ellen Weyl, Zurich.

PREMIERE
Thursday, July 14 at 20.30
Maoz-Zion Community Theatre presents:
"ANNA KURDI" - a musical of Kurdish experience written by members of the company, with authentic music and dance. Sponsored by Devide and Irene Sela.

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; Tues. at 16.30
Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00
Archaeology Galleries: Monday, July 11 at 15.30

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BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 20.00
GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 10.00 to 20.00
TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv-Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel, Jerusalem - Klatm.

JERUSALEM'S newest five-star hotel, the Laromme, adjoining the Liberty Bell Garden, opened its doors one year ago, and the hotel's top-line restaurant, the Bistro, opened a few months later. The place offers some true culinary delights. But even granting that Laromme wasn't built in a day, the Bistro apparently is still suffering from some running-in problems.

Despite its name, the Bistro in no way suggests an intimate wine shop or small night-club. It is, in fact, a rather spacious dining room fitted out with exceedingly plush seating and that sort of modernistic metal-tubing decor on the ceiling reminiscent of a Jo Mielziner stage set. But perhaps the Laromme's Bistro reflects the post-Pompidou Arts Centre generation of what was once the traditional Parisian neighbourhood pub - dare we say a sort of son-of-a-bistro design?

We nonetheless appreciated the comfy cushions, the subdued lighting, the single elegant rose on the table. Service was also excellent throughout the meal. Four or five waiters danced attendance, and everyone from the wine steward to the dessert-cart mistress was friendly without being familiar.

THE PROBLEM was with the menu. To begin with, a first course of "voing asparagus heads served with poached flakes of sea bass" enchanted my salivary glands into paroxysms of Pavlovian anticipation. The waiter, however, sadly informed me that "there is no asparagus anywhere in the country." If that is the case, why are the damned asparagus heads heading the Bistro's menu?

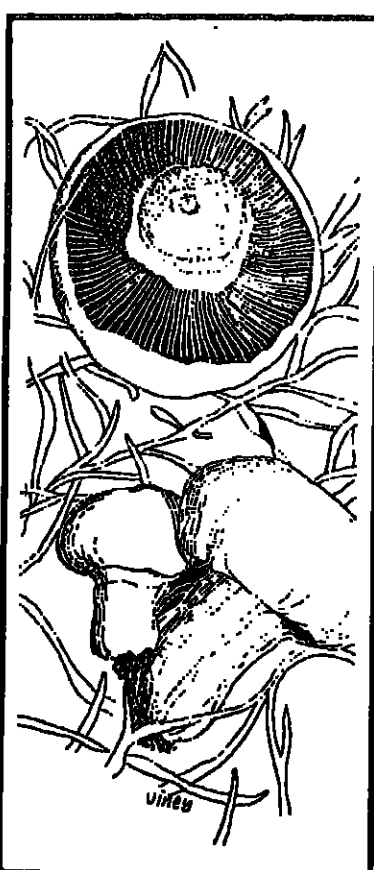
More problems with the menu were to plague us. In place of the asparagus, I opted for the *chapeaux de champignons panés*. The menu described these in both Hebrew and English as mushroom caps, but in fact they turned out to be whole mushrooms. A small quibble, however, for they also turned out to be sublime. The deep-fried and piping-hot delicacies came heaped high and accompanied by a creamy dill sauce (the cream was *parve*, as the restaurant is *glatt kosher*). Taken either with the sauce, with lemon juice or unadorned, the mushrooms were a delight.

Mrs. Companion meanwhile opened with the paté, which was perked by a dollop of brandy. The liver was rich and piquant, and as she received three generous mounds, there was plenty for me to sample. This was gracious as she was not about to get at my mushrooms.

In looking over the offerings for the main course, I was delighted to see fillet of kingklip, the justly famous fish of South Africa. I was sorely tempted, but decided in the end that comparison might be unfair between the lovely fish that I had enjoyed fresh several times along the Garden Route between Cape Town and Durban, and the version offered here, no matter how quickly frozen and rushed in by air. I chose instead the shoulder of lamb. This was generously cut and gently seasoned. It was accompanied, as the menu promised, by a variety of handsome stewed vegetables. Contrary to the vexing menu, however, it was not accompanied by the promised "cushion of pluff rice."

THIS LACK of correspondence between printed promise and plate unfortunately was to continue. For the main course my madcap companion selected the *flambé Madagascare*, a dish which I had

Son of a bistro



MATTERS OF TASTE
Matthew Nesvicky

sampled in the past but which she had not. As the Bistro menu accurately states, this is a beef fillet, served with fresh green Madagascare peppercorns in a cream sauce. I was curious to see how the sauce would perform with a non-dairy substitute. That, it turned out, was not the problem. The trouble was the total absence of the peppercorns.

Our waiter prepared the beef and the sauce at our table under the supervision of a senior waiter. Our man later explained that this was the first time he had ever done a *flambé* Madagascare. The madcap and I later debated the propriety of such an admission. She admired his candour and forthrightness. I, who tend to be less charitable in all things, said I would rather not hear such virginal confessions (would you like such an introductory apology from the pilot of your jumbo jet? From your brain surgeon?). Why not judge the performance by itself? As it turned out, both our waiter and his supervisor seemed quite confident in what they were doing. The absence of the peppercorns, however, remains a mystery.

And as it turned out, Mrs. Companion had no beef about her fillet, which was thick, tender and much brightened by the sauce. It was also accompanied by well-selected vegetables.

I am sorry to report that although we both ordered salads - "to be mixed at your table with one of our fine dressings" - the salads never appeared.

BEFORE WE could grumble about the missing greens, however, a violinist appeared, and for the lady at least, all was suddenly right with the world. My ever-romantic madcap goes all gooey at the sound of a violin: she would hurl Paul Newman out of the way for a chance to get close to Perlman or Zuckerman. I,

too, appreciated the musical addition to our elegant surroundings. But when the violinist began a gypsy melody, I knew it would only be an instant before the madcap took the rose between her teeth and started swirling around the restaurant like something out of *Golden Earrings*. I promptly threw the fiddler a few francs, which I always carry for such emergencies. He bowed off and the lady calmed down.

We were by this time pleasantly sated, but our sense of duty and the tempting list of desserts nudged us to try a final course. The menu urged among other things an ice-cream soufflé, an almond sabayon, and three intriguing kinds of crepes.

But now came a further negation of the printed list. Our waiter informed us that *none* of the desserts have just mentioned here was available. We were further informed that in any case, if a person desires crepes for dessert, he should tell the waiter this at the beginning of the meal.

I am unaccustomed to selecting my dessert before my appetizer, and besides that, there should be no problem about whipping a crepe batter out of the fridge at a moment's notice for frying.

In lieu of the tantalizing if totally imaginary dessert offerings, we were invited to select something from the "surprise wagon." The surprises ran to some rather blanded water melon and some not very appealing cakes. Without much enthusiasm, we tried the chocolate and mocha cakes and they proved, as feared, to have that pebbly texture so common to Israeli baked goods - if goods is indeed the applicable term.

The lady had a pleasing pot of coffee, and the gentleman went for the "café Yehuda," a yummy Brazilian brew served in a tall glass, served with fresh green Madagascare peppercorns in a cream sauce. I was curious to see how the sauce would perform with a non-dairy substitute.

The Bistro, incidentally, has no wine list, but given the vagaries of its menu that is perhaps just as well. Local wines, however, are served in this kosher-conscious eatery, and with our meal we had a bottle of our fine red Carmel Cabernet Sauvignon (witty, trenchant, talmudical without being disputationous, etc.).

The bill, including the wine, service and VAT, came to a titillating IS2,941. My rating: five stars for the menu, four stars for *le réalité*.

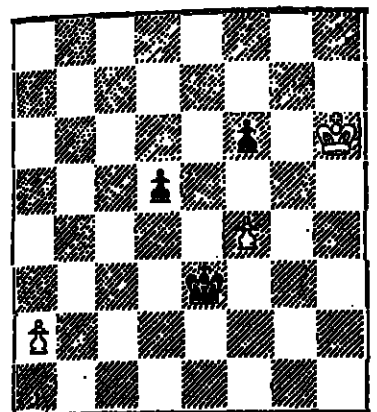
ZE' FRENCH of course are famous for making anything palatable by the application of the proper sauce. If you're inclined to try waking up a cut of beef with a *parve* cream gravy, here's the Bistro's *flambé* Madagascare formula:

Broil your fillet until it's about 90 per cent done. Then heat a generous amount of margarine in a pan for about two minutes, grinding in some fresh black pepper. Put in the meat and brown on all sides. Then add about a shot of brandy and a dash of spirit and ignite. Turn the meat until the flame dies down and then remove it from the pan. Now add a third of a cup of non-dairy cream to the stock (the "cream" adds body and colour). Toss in a demitasse spoon of ground pepper, and a similar amount of hot paprika, and add a few shakes of tabasco sauce. Replace the meat and cook for a few minutes, turning constantly and stirring until the sauce has thickened. Place the fillet on a plate and cover with the sauce.

Mrs. Companion would eliminate the tabasco, and I would certainly insist on the green peppercorns. □

CHESS Ellahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3128
M. ZINAR, USSR
1st prize, Komsomolskoje Znamia



White to play and draw (3-3)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3126 (Hoch). 1.Nd6! Nc5 (1. - Nd1 2.Nb4 Kb6 3.Nc4 draw; 1. - Ra2? 2.Kb3 Ra5 3.Nb4 Kb6 4.Nc4; 1. - Nd3 2.Nc4 Nc5 3.Ka3 Rb5 (b1) 4.Be2, draw) 2.Ka3 Nd1 (2. - Nd3 3.Nc4, forcing a draw) 3.Nb4 Kb6 (3. - Ka2? 4.Nc6 Ka6 5.Nb5 Ka5 6.Nc4, draw) 4.Nc4 Kb5 5.Nd6! Ka5 6.Nc4 (and not 6.Nc6 Kb6 7.Nb4 Ka7, and wins) 6. - Kb5 7.Nb6 Kb6 8.Nc4 Kb7! (expecting the "natural" line 9.Nb2 Nc3! and White is in a

Zugzwang and cannot prevent 10. - Nc2 (c4), but... 9.Na6! (with a simultaneous attack on the Knight and the Rook) 9. - Rb5 (9. - re2 10.Nc5 Kb6 11.Nb3! Rc4 12.Na5) 10.Nd6 Ka6 11.Nb5 Kb5 - stalemate.

BEERSHEBA RETAINS TITLE
THE BEERSHEBA club won the 1983 National Team Championship for the third year running, defeating Ramat Gan Hapoel in the final round by 3½ - 2½. Its main rival, Tel Aviv University ASA, went down to Rishon LeZion Feldklein 2½ - 3½. Haifa Technion ASA beat Tel Aviv Youth Centre 1 3/4 - 2½ and Tel Aviv Youth Centre II beat Kiryat Shprinak with the same result. Jerusalem ASA and Hasharon/Herziya parted in a 3-3 draw.

Final standings: 1. Beersheba 36½ points out of 54 possible; 2. T.A. University ASA 33½; 3. Haifa Technion ASA 31½; 4. Jerusalem ASA 30½; 5. Rishon LeZion Feldklein 29; 6. Ramat Gan Hapoel 27½; 7. Kiryat Shprinak 24; 8. T.A. Youth Centre - II 21½; 9. Hasharon/Herziya 18½; 10. T.A. Youth Centre I 17½. The last two teams are relegated to the second division, while Hadera Hapoel and Rehovot Hapoel qualified for the first division.

BARUA WINS INDIAN TITLE
IM DIBYENDU BARUA, 17, has won the 20th Indian National

Championship. Barua scored 13-5 (9 wins, 8 draws, 1 loss) in the tournament which was held in Agstala. Barua is the youngest champion in Indian history. He tied for first in the 1980 championship when he was 14.

NAGENDRA
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.Ne5 d6 4.Nf3 Ne4 5.d4 Be7 6.Bd3 Nf6 7.e4 Bg4 8.Nc3 Ne6 9.Be3 0-0 10.h3 Bh5 11.g4 Bg6 12.Nh4 d5 13.Ng6 h6 14.Qd2 Nb4 15.0-0 e5 16.Kb1 Re8 17.a3 d4 18.Bc4 Cd4 19.Qe2 Ne6 20.Nb5 Be5 21.b4 a6 22.Be5 ab5 23.Bb5 Nd5 24.Bd2 b6 25.Re1 Na5 26.Ba5 bu5 27.Qc4 Ne3 28.Rc3 d3 29.Qc3 Qd5 30.Rc1 Rd8 31.a4 Re5. White resigns. (32.Qc5 Qb3 33.Ka1 Rd2).

IN THE SPIRIT OF KURT RICHTER
BERLIN played host to the third Kurt Richter memorial mass tournament. A record number of 204 players took part in the event. K. Richter was a player of sharp combinational style. Vigorous attacks with multiple sacrifices were frequent in his practice. The following game was played in the spirit of the German master.

F. BERGER
1.e4 e5 2.b3 e6 3.Bb2 Nc6 4.Nf3 d6 5.d4 c6 6.Nd4 Bd7 7.Nb5 Qb8 8.Ba3 d5 9.e4 Ba3 10.Nb1-a3 Qe5 11.Be2 ed 12.Qd5! Qa1 13.Kd2 Qh1 14.Nd6 Ke7 15.Qf7! Kd6 16.Nb5 Kc5 17.Qc4 Kb6 18.b4! Nb4 19.Qc7

Ka6 20.Nd6 b5 21.Nb5. Black resigns.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
V. KORCHNOI L. PORTISCH
3rd game of the match
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.Nc3 Ne6 4.d4 ed 5.Nd4 e6 6.Ndb5 d5 7.Bf4 e5 8.ed ef 9.de be 10.Qd8 Kd8 11.Nd4 Ke7 12.g3 Bc5 13.Rc1 fg 14.hg Ba6 15.Nc6 Bb7 16.Na4 Bf2 17.Kf2 Ne4 18.Kg1 Bc6 19.Bg2 Ra6 20.Rh4 f5 21.g4 f4 22.Re6! Kc6 23.Nc3 Kc5 24.Bc4 Kd4 25.Bf3 Rb8 26.Na4 Rb4 27.Rh5 Rd8 28.b3 h6 29.Kf2 Rd6 30.Rf5 g5 31.Rf7 Ke5 32.Ra7 Rd2 33.Ne5 Rb4 34.Ra6 Rd6 35.Ra5. Black resigns.

N. ALEXANDRIA T. LEMACHKO
2nd game of the match
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 e5 3.Nc3 d5 4.Nf3 Be7 5.Bg5 Nbd7 6.e3 Ne4 7.Be7 Qe7 8.ed Ne3 9.be ed 10.Qb3 c6 11.c4 d6 12.Bc4 0-0 13.0-0 Rd8 14.Ra6! Rb8 15.Qb1 Nf8 16.Rc3 Be6 17.Rf1 Be4 18.Rc4 Ne6 19.h3 g6 20.Qb2! Nc7 21.Ne5 Nb5 22.d5! Rd5 23.Ng4! Qd6 24.Nf6 Kf8 25.Nd5 ed 26.Re8. Black resigns.

ART OF ATTACK
White - Kg1; Qb3; Re1, Re4; Nd5; Pa3, b2, d4, f2, g3, h4. (11). Black - Kg8; Qf5; Ra8, Rf8; Bd6; Pa6, b5, c6, f7, g6, h7. (11).

1.Ke5! Qh3 (1. - Be5 2.Ne7; 1. - Qe8 2.Nf6 Kh8 3.Rh5!) 2.Nf6 Kh8 (2. - Kg7 3.Ne8) 3.Rh5! Kg7 (3. - gh 4.Qd3 Kg7 5.Qh7 Kf6 6.Kf6 Kf5 7.Qg5x) 4.Rh7 Kf6 5.Rc3! Black resigns. There is no defence

against 6.Rf3 Ke7 7.Rf17 Kd8 8. Qf3! (Shussler-Olafsson, Reykjavik, 1982).

QUEEN SACRIFICE
White - Kg1; Qf5; Re1, Rd1; Bh3; Ne4; Pa2, d6, f2, g5. (10). Black - Kg8; Qb5; Rd8, Re8; Bg7; Ne4; Pa6, b7, f7, (9).
1.Qf7! Kf7 (1. - Kh8 2.Qh5) 2.Ne5 Kf8 3.Ng6x. (Sakovtzev-Rakov, Leningrad, 1982).

ENDGAME FINESS
White - Kg1; Rf3; Pe2, f7, h2. (5). Black - Kc2; Rf8; Pb4. (3).
1.e4 b3 2.e5 b2 3.Rf2 Kc3 4.Rb2 Rf7 5.Rf2 (5.Rc2? Kd4!) 5. - Re7 6.Rf4! Re5 7.Kf2 Kd3 8.Kf3 Re1 9.h4 Rg1 10.h5 Rg1 11.Kg4 Re1 12.Ra4! and White won. (Shulglin-Goldis, USSR, 1982).

MISSING OPPORTUNITIES
White - Kg1; Qc5; Ra1, Rf1; Nc3; Pa5, b4 d4, e3, f2, g3, h2. (12). Black - Kg8; Qd6; Rb8, Rf8; Bc7; Pc6, d5, f4, g7, h7. (10). Black to play.

The game went on 1. - f7 2.Qd6 ef 3.Rf2 Bd6 4.Rf8 Kf8 5.a6! Bb4 6.Rb1 Bd6 7.a7 Re8 8.Na4, and Black resigned.
Instead Black could win the game by 1. Qd7! 2.Nd1 (2.ef Bd6; 2.b5 3.f3 4.Kh1 Qh3 4.Rg1 Rf6!) 2. - f3 3.e4 Qh3 4.Ne3 Rf4! 5.Qc6 Rh4! and Black wins. (Ivanka - Maksimovich, Bad Kissingen, 1982). □

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David M. Newman

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Adventures in the Time Machine
Apocalypse Spring — Martha
The Music Machine — perform a piece
of music of your choice
Another Story
A Cartoon about Spain in the Middle
A New Evening — live magazine
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The Magician's Shop — Daughters
The Scientist's Shop — Daughters
The World in 10 Days — Daughters
Dominic's Dream — Daughters
Adventures in the Time Machine —
Daughters
Apocalypse Spring — Daughters
The Music Machine — Daughters
Another Story — Daughters
A Cartoon about Spain in the Middle
A New Evening — Daughters
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The Scientist's Shop
The World in 10 Days
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Adventures in the Time Machine
Apocalypse Spring
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armonte, Kertész)
B. 117, Kálmán, soprano; László
Kálmán, tenor; László Kálmán,
bass. 9. 11. 1918. Budapest, Adalberto
Kertész.

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 e Reading — Ezra 10:18-44
 son in *Helecho*
 programmes for Olim
 e magazine (repeat)
 eent Ourselves — live talk show

Midday — news comment

Matter of Interest — intr

ess Conference — introduced by
Golden
magazine
People and Places
fe Journey
day — radio newstreet
in Middle East
talksongs
Song for the Road
age and Screen
radio Lotto — live radio game

Right Now

... and Presses
... in the Afternoon
... Evening Newsreel
... F. F. Evening Newsreel
... Magazine
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... Foreign Language Hit Parade
... What Newsreel
... iversity on the Air (repeat)
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... and to the Point — muddy

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This Week in Israel - The Lead

Beth Hatefutsoth

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1. Danzig 1839: Treasures of a Destroyed Community.
2. The Living Bridge: The meeting of the volunteers from Eretz Israel with the Holocaust survivors.

Events
- "The Marranos in Portugal - Then and Now", a study evening. Participants: Rabbi Menachem Haasman, Prof. Michael Harsgor, I. Steinhart and Ron Ben Yehiel. Moderator: Yaron London. Sunday, July 10 at 8.30 pm.

Jewish Cinematheque
Screening of the film "Malou". Malou is a young Jewish woman living in Germany who searches for her roots and follows the milestones of her mother's life before and during World War I. Dir. Jeanine Meerapfel. Actors: Ingrid Caven, Helmut Griem, Gritcha Huver. The film is in German with Hebrew and English subtitles.
Sun., July 10 at 6 pm; Mon., July 11 at 8.30 pm; Tues., July 12 at 5 pm; Thurs., July 14 at 8.30 pm.

Screening of the film "The Way We Were". The story of a young Jewish girl who is a leftist activist, and a young man who is a gifted writer. A romantically nostalgic film set in New York between the Spanish Civil War and the McCarthy witch hunts. Dir. Sidney Pollack, starring Barbara Streisand and Robert Redford. Introductory lecture: Dr. Robert Rockaway. (In cooperation with the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel.)

Tuesday, July 12 at 8 pm.
Admission fees: IS 90 for members of Friends Association; IS 120 for non members.
Courtesy of Bank Leumi le-Israel.

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Exhibitions on Tour
1. The Jews of Senegal - Kiryat Sharet, Holon.
2. The Wonderful Island of Djibouti - Sderot.
3. Jewish Sites in Lebanon - Beit Idenstein, Kiryat Shmonah.
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Visitors to the Weizmann Institute are invited to an exhibition in the Wilx Library on the life of Israel's first President, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, as well as an audiovisual show in the Wilx Auditorium on the Institute's research activities. The latter is screened daily at 11 am and 3.15 pm, except on Friday, when it is shown at 11 am only. Special screenings may be arranged. NO VISITS ON SATURDAY AND HOLIDAYS

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AS THE SEASON comes to an end, let's have a sneak preview of the next. The orchestras have already sent out their brochures for renewal of subscriptions and are vying to prove that they have put together a season programme attractive to everybody.

The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra has again arranged for 11 concerts in Tel Aviv - five series for one programme, three for another. The first programme also applies to Jerusalem, which has one series of 10 concerts. Haifa gets three series of 10 concerts of one programme, adapted from Tel Aviv's two programmes, and another series for six concerts. This, together with Tel Aviv's six PhiloClassica and six Light Classical Music concert series, comes to 36,000 to 40,000 subscribers. If my arithmetic is right, listenership in 146 regular subscription concerts could come to some 370,000 people, surely an impressive record. The programme also reveals a lot of outstanding features.

First and foremost, Zubin Mehta will come again three times during the season - in the beginning of September/October after the trip abroad to Venezuela and the European festival circuit, in March and in June/July to close the season. Other conductors of distinction include (in order of appearance, as they say in opera programmes) Charles Dutoit, Lawrence Foster, Aldo Ceccato, Giuseppe Sinopoli, Lorin Maazel, Mehta (why only for one concert in Haifa?), Leonard Bernstein, and Myung Whun Chung - all known to our audiences. Israelis residing abroad, Pinhas Zukerman, Eliahu Inbal and Daniel Barenboim, and Israelis living at home, Uri Segal, Shalom Ronli-Kiklis and Gary Bertini - make a truly representative list.

AMONG outstanding programme items one to be mentioned is Britten's *War Requiem* under Uri Segal (in October, No.2 of subscriptions) and Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust* (Daniel Barenboim with the Choeur de L'Orchestre de Paris (April). Bernstein for a change will conduct a programme of works by Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky, and Mahler's *Third Symphony* will close the season with Mehta conducting. The rest of the programmes are safe items - Brahms, Schumann, Beethoven, Bruckner, Shostakovich, Mozart, Elgar, Dvorak and some French impressionists. Israeli compositions listed are only Yosef Tal's *Second Symphony* and Ami Maayani's *Qumran*. The famous Israeli composer "To Be Announced" appears twice.

Famous soloists include Alfred Brendel, Heinz Holliger, Pinhas Zukerman, Shlomo Mintz, Yo Yo Ma, and Yitzhak Perlman. Members of the IPO appear as soloists: Uri Pankas (Prokofiev No.1), Marcel Bergman (Haydn's *Cello Concerto in C*), Daniel Ben-Yamini (Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*), Singers Gila Yaron, Zehava Gal (Ravel's *Sheherazade*), will be joined by Thomas Moser, tenor, Benjamin Luxon, baritone, and Mira Zakai, who will be the soloist for Mahler's *Third*. Pianists Andras Schiff (Mozart K.482) and Israeli Milka Laks (Messiaen's *Oiseaux exotiques*). Duo-pianists Katia and Marielle Labèque (Mozart K.365).

John Broscheier will sing songs from *Das Knaben Wunderhorn*, and Eugenia Zukerman will play flute concertos by C.P.E. Bach and Vivaldi. Lazar Schuster will show his virtuosity in the *Carmen Fantasy* by Sarasate.

High notes



Zubin Mehta ... three visits during the next season (Newsphot)

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

Israeli choirs will be employed in the *War Requiem* - the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir, the Thud Choir - and in Mahler's *Third*, the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir and the Pa'amoni Children's Choir. The Batsheva Dance Company will join the IPO to dance Ravel's *Boleto*. This promises to be a great season for the IPO.

Easy music for the conservative listener is provided by the PhiloClassica series. Surely outstanding will be the fourth programme of this series: Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, fully-staged by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, and John Pritchard conducting the Cologne City Opera (February 14). Even more easy on the ears are the programmes offered in the Light Classical Music series, with a lot of Rossini, Tchaikovsky, and the like.

IF YOU WANT a very readable book in connection with music but which does not demand any concentration on work analyses, you can turn to Bernard Levin's *Conducted Tour* (Coronet Books, London, 250 pp., including index, £1.95). This lucky man was commissioned by the BBC to visit 12 music festivals of his own choice and to give his impressions in radio talks, eventually collected into this book. After a lengthy introduction on his musical background since childhood, over-stressing the humorous aspects of this process and, perhaps, understating his real qualifications to listen and write about music, we are taken on a grand tour, starting in Adelaide, with a side glimpse of Sydney's new Opera House. Then we get a widely varied spectrum ranging from Florence to Bath and Aldeburgh, to Hohenems (in Austria), back to Glyndebourne, over to Aix, on to Salzburg. Bayreuth, returning to Edinburgh, across to Barcelona, and ending up in Wexford, a little town in Ireland.

FURTHER ON, he remarks (after mentioning at length Winifred Wagner's glorification of Hitler and her subsequent trial): "I reflect, before the *Parsifal* prelude begins, on the extraordinary, the unique hostility this composer and this composer alone, provokes not only in people who have never listened to his music, but even in many who have. It is a phenomenon the great oddness of which does not seem to me to have been sufficiently remarked. There is no composer whose music pleases everybody; but those who find themselves disliking Mozart, Puccini, Bach or Ravel are content simply to stay away from performances of their work. In the case of Wagner, and of him alone, the dislike becomes positive; I have often encountered an antipathy so strong that it seems to take the form of a desire to prohibit Wagner's music altogether."

These two quotations should give the reader an idea what he is in for. I strongly recommend this book - not to professional musicians who look for critiques; but to readers interested in music, travel, festivals, eating, drinking, in short, revelling (at least vicariously), in all the good things of life.

His often supercilious remarks surely get people's backs up, but he does it so charmingly that one can't really be cross with him for lost or neglected opportunities to tell us something more serious. This book should not be read by people

BETWEEN mid-July and mid-August, four dance companies will visit Israel from as far apart as Zaire and New York, Japan and San Francisco.

The National Dance Theatre of Zaire will be here from July 17 to 23. The San Francisco Ballet will appear from July 25 to August 1. Both come under the auspices of the Bat-Dor Company and both come for the first time. The Zaire company is making a cultural exchange visit, as the Bat-Dor Company appeared in Kinshasa in May - with great success.

The Sankai Juku modern dance company (the style called Butoh) of Japan will perform between August 1 and 11 under the auspices of the Kibbutz Company. The Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre will stay only from August 9 to 11 under the auspices of the Batsheva Company.

THE PROGRAMME which the Zaire company brings is a "dance opera," *Nkenge*, in which the creators have aimed at incorporating authentic tribal and folk material. It synthesizes such Zairean ideas as "the sacred order of the cosmos," death as "a door that separates the world of the living from the ancestral world," and the life cycle as circumscribed by "the journey of the sun."

The four stages in the life cycle - dawn, noon, sunset, midnight - are mirrored in *Nkenge* in joyous village scenes, in *Nkenge*'s quest for wealth, in the ancestral world through which she has to pass to reach purification (through exorcism) and her rebirth. Traditional lore is linked throughout with rousing music and dance.

Isaga dancers regard their performance as a sacred ritual, making spiritual preparation by abstaining from food, sex and even speech with non-dancers. They believe this gives them their power to perform great feats.

Zairean musical instruments include tam tam, a large drum made from hollowed trees and animal skins; ngomi, a kind of lute or guitar used by story tellers; langung, an instrument like an uncovered drum into which the musician blows with a pipe; lokoio, made from a split, hollowed trunk and used for long-distance communication (bush telegraph); and madimba, a sort of xylophone from the Kasai and Bandundu regions and formerly used in royal courts.

When the Zaire National Dance Theatre visited New York in 1980, the impact was beyond all expectations.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Ballet is the oldest professional classical company of the U.S. and recently celebrated its Golden Jubilee. The visit to Israel - with Italy before and Greece after - is part of the company's international celebration. Today the company ranks with the foremost in the U.S. and the world.

This is a first visit here, even though the San Francisco Ballet has been travelling on state-sponsored tours at home and abroad since 1957. When Lew Christensen succeeded his brother William as artistic director and choreographer, he established an exchange relationship with Balanchine's New York City Ballet with which he had danced. Thus some Balanchine works are in the repertoire. But the style and reputation of the company are based on the choreography of Lew Christensen and Michael Smuin (co-directors for the past 10 years), and Robert Gladstein, assistant director and resident

African echoes



A scene from 'Nkenge,' by the National Dance Theatre of Zaire.

DANCE / Dora Sowden

choreographer. Smuin and Gladstein have been members of the American Ballet Theatre.

One of Gladstein's works to be performed in Israel is *Psalm* (1980), based on Jewish history and religious ceremonies and set to the music of Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*.

The San Francisco Ballet, at one time in financial difficulties, today has an affiliated school and will shortly have a new building estimated to cost nearly \$12 million. Its annual budget is \$7m., ticket sales reaching nearly \$4m. from 18,000 subscribers and the general public.

THE SANKAI JUKU company is Japan's contribution to modern dance development. Called Butoh, the style bypasses traditional Japanese dance but does not conform to Western modern dance or ballet trends. A French critic described one performance as "two hours of a silent story that mixes the noble charm of ritual dance with the mannerisms of music hall and the violence of eroticism," and said, "It turns upside down our perception and our values."

The company was founded in the 1960s under the influence of new artistic waves and with the aim of giving more importance to the body in Japanese dance. The real start, however, was in 1975 when three dancers began to explore new methods. By 1977, the Sankai Juku

had made its mark in Tokyo and began to travel internationally.

Sankai Juku has five dancers and live staff to deal with the staging. The claim is that they can fill a stage anywhere - including Caesarea - like no other company.

THE ALVIN AILEY American Dance Theatre hardly needs introduction here. Last year's visit was as memorable a dance event as we have ever had, and Ailey himself has several times visited Israel to choreograph a new ballet or to set one of his creations for Bat-Dor. The coming visit of less than a week is in response to strong demand.

"I believe that dance is a celebration of Being and is a unique way of communicating the vitality and wonder of life," says Ailey. That is what his company - one of the modern "greats" - projects through his choreography.

FLORA CUSHMAN, who came here more than a dozen years ago from the U.S. via the London Contemporary dance school, will leave Israel in September to become director of Béjart's famous Mudra dance school in Belgium. Cushman has been teaching, choreographing and directing in Israel, and in the past few years has been artistic director of the Jerusalem Dance Workshop which she built up conspicuously. Asked what would happen to the Jerusalem company, she said, "It is strong now and will go on."

This Week in Israel - The Lead

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REVISED PRINTING schedules oblige me to file the Telereview on Tuesday so by the time you read these lines they should be, like Napoleon Brandy, well-aged. I'll soon be reviewing *The Forsyte Saga*, *Nikol Rosh* and *Bewitched* at this rate — and why not? Monitoring most of the current crop of programmes is like watching paint drying or the traffic lights going through their red-amber-green cycle at a deserted intersection in the wee hours of the morning.

When there is something worth seeing, a vindictive fate often schedules it opposite some other attractive item on our Second Channel — the one so thoughtfully provided by King Hussein. On Monday, for example, *Fame's* second half-hour competes with *Taxi*, the multiple-E Emmy-winning show beamed from Amman, so I've learned to manage without the resolution of the week's obligatory dilemma at the School for Performing Arts and the dance routine that always rounds it off.

American TV programmers deliberately slot their best shows opposite the best the competition has to offer in order to steal their audiences and are understandably sensitive about the problem. Fred Silverman, who was at various times chief programmer on all three main networks, once ran into Stan Moger, a TV syndication expert, at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"Are you going home for Yom Kippur?" Moger asked. "When's that?" Silverman wanted to know. "Wednesday," said Moger. "Wednesday?" exclaimed Silverman. "You mean to say they scheduled Yom Kippur opposite *Charlie's Angels*?"

A VILE CALUMNY is in circulation that I don't watch political shows like *Moked*. This is quite untrue. I watched it last week — I didn't like it but I watched it for, as the lady said, I owe a duty where I cannot love.

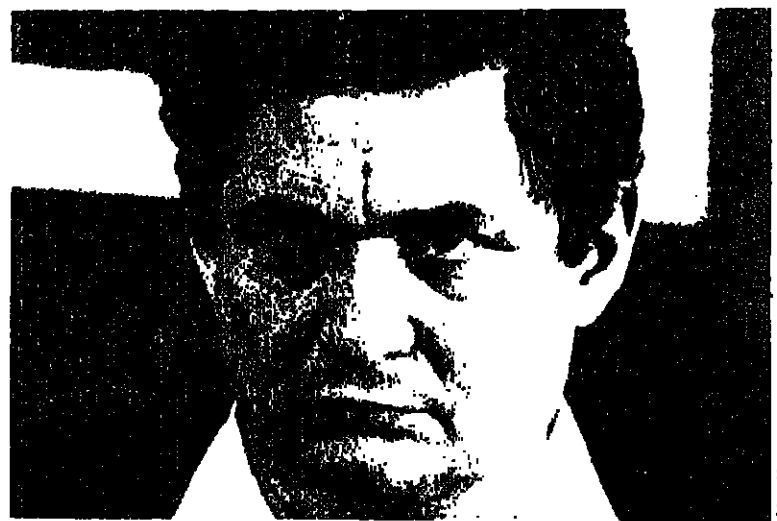
Yoram Avidor, who I am reliably informed is currently serving as finance minister in the Likud government, was being mercilessly grilled by Ya'akov Ahmeir, Haim Plautner and Hanan Azran on his handling of the doctor's strike, a difficult subject, I should have thought, since it was one of those all-too-common situations where both sides were wrong.

In the event, after four months of the doctors' increasingly hysterical sanctions, Avidor came a cropper, reminding me of the ad in the *London Weekly Advertiser* that offered for sale a "light-rope-walker's pole, only used once."

Junior doctors can now make a living wage, many consultants are laughing all the way to the bank

Hole in Juan

TELEREVIEW/ Alex Berlyne



and, within a reasonably short period of time, I am reliably informed by a number of concerned medical practitioners, the victims of the strike will be stacked up in the mortuaries.

I have always been interested in political physiognomy — not the currently fashionable kind that tells you that Philip Hnib left the Prime Minister's Office looking grim, but the sort that Plutarch used to ladle out. Pericles, he says, was called "union-head" by his contemporaries and the great Athenian statesman had to wear a specially-made helmet to cover his unusually peaked skull.

Avidor has a curiously foreshortened face that resembles a reversed forceps delivery — as if the attending obstetrician had taken one look at the baby and tried to push him back.

Sometimes, like the folds across the instep of an old shoe, this tends to make him look comfortably reassuring and contributes to his sweet smile. When his brow darkens, as it does at the least sign of *lese majeste*, his crumpled features become doubly threatening, like those of a minotaur with migraine.

I was horrified to see the minister making mincemeat of the gad-fly journalists who confronted him on *Moked*. Avidor argued his case with incontrovertible logic and persuasive authority which only slipped when he began to mutter darkly about misrepresentation in the media. This unequal contest was emphasized by the strange resemblance of the panel's desks to fairground dodgems, with Ahmeir set on a violent collision course with the minister for most of the

programme. The decor of the *Moked* studio may resemble the dogmats at Luna Park, but the 3/4 set looks like the comfortless lounge of a temperance hotel. The show is now laid off for the summer and I hope that when it returns the producer will have done something about its loony format. It's no use trying to convey the impression of an informal conversation between friends if some of them insist on reading their remarks from sheets of paper, emphasizing the worst bits of high-minded twaddle with what Proust calls "the certainty of the second rate."

THEY HAVE their uses, however; I believe it was Aldous Huxley who pointed out that if it were not for intellectual snobs the arts would perish together with their starving practitioners. By chance I found the perfect epitaph for the show while looking through the *Yellow Pages*. "BORING," read one heading. "See Civil Engineers," 8% could do with less open-mouthed culture-worship and would be much improved by an occasional injection of humour as in the BBC's *My Music* programme or even the dissenting voice of an unregenerate Philistine from time to time. I have in mind something like the evening at Ira Gershwin's when the newly-exiled Schoenberg was approached by a rich society hostess who tried to recruit him for the after-dinner entertainment: "Give us a tune, Arnold."

Yet, despite all its shortcomings, the show manages to put over one point loud and clear: the number of plays, art exhibitions, dance performances, newly-published books and musical events available week in

and week out is unbelievable. This tiny country is absolutely pulsulating with talent.

SINCE THE SERIES ran out of Roald Dahl's imaginative horrors, *Tales of the Unexpected* has become entirely predictable. Even Patricia Highsmith, perhaps the most important crime novelist working today, produced a real clinker last week. "Sauce for the Goose" dithered on about Gloria Grahame and Robert Morse trying to murder each other. Both succeeded and ended up refrigerated like imported mutton, I couldn't help reflecting that Gloria, who once had boiling coffee thrown in her face by Lee Marvin in 1953's *The Big Heat*, had slipped down the thermometer to the Deep Freeze.

While we're on the subject of fell death's untimely frost, I ought to mention that *Kolbete* devoted an entire programme to cataloguing the horrors that overtake Israelis, especially children, during the summer holidays. Children should be seen but not hurt, yet year in and year out they drown, dive onto rocks, cremate themselves on barbecues, entomb themselves in abandoned refrigerators and suffer wholesale food-poisoning. Summer-time *salmonella* recalled the old line: "the hearty man ate a condemned breakfast."

EVEN AS the titles unrolled, I was favourably impressed by *100 Rifles*, a 1969 Western. First of all, the graphics were excellent, which always puts me in a receptive frame of mind, and secondly I find myself — uncomfortably I assure you — aligned with Pessah Grupper MK, of all people, who has always lobbied for more Westerns on TV. We are not alone; who do you imagine said of Karl May: "My whole adolescence stood under his sign. Indeed, even today he has been dear to me in many a desperate hour?" Albert Einstein, that's who.

But Robert McLeod's account of modes and manners in Old Mexico soon let me down. In the first five minutes, Mexican soldiers hanged a Yaqui Indian and shot a bunch of captives. To add to the church social atmosphere, Burt Reynolds slugged a whore on the jore, felling her like an ox. Later bursts of mayhem included the rape of a number of squaws by the soldiers — what they call platonic love — though an unlucky sergeant was struck by the beauty of the place, that is to say Raquel Welch skewered him with a large knife, making a hole in Juan.

"The grandchildren of the kids who used to weep because the Little Match Girl froze to death," Jenkin Lloyd Jones once wrote, "now feel cheated if she isn't slugged, raped and thrown into a Bessemer converter."

Reynolds-the-Rednecked-Clovn played — or rather, since he makes no secret of his limitations ("I don't think anyone can catch me acting") — was supposed to be a half-breed outlaw. I was intrigued with the notion of a Yaqui-Yankee till he explained his Southern droll by saying his pappy came from Alabama.

Raquel Welch always reminds me of a flag-seller I once saw whose collecting-box was labelled: "Sex Appeal. Please give generously." I regret to say she misdirected herself with former football star Jim Brown, thus adding miscegenation to the film's forbidden attractions.

As they prepared for the obligatory writhings, I realized that some things are better left unsaid. They confirmed the accuracy of the old cliché:

*Girls shed their drawers
To ravers of applauders
But men look rickierless
Knickerless.*

BETTE DAVIS' high-powered performances electrified audiences for decades, but her irritating mannerisms, twitches and uncoordinated jerks always reminded me rather of a galvanized frog's muscle in a school biology lab.

It was, however, distressing to see the Superbitch of *Jezebel*, *The Little Foxes* and *All About Eve* reduced to a tearful and lovable old lady, who wishes Glenn Ford "God Bless," in *A Pocketful of Miracles*.

The Broadway fable of Madame La Gimp, "an old haybag" who is "generally somewhat ginned up," preserved Damon Runyon's essential humanity but jettisoned his essential toughness in Frank Capra's film version.

Runyon, a hard-boiled reporter of the old school, the type who wore their hats jammed permanently on their heads against the depredations of their light-fingered colleagues, had been trained on the sort of Hearst and Pulitzer papers described by W.A. Swanberg. "Any issue that did not cause the reader to move out of his chair and cry 'Good God!'" Swanberg said, "was considered a failure."

Yet Runyon did have a sentimental side, akin to that emotion which turned gangster funerals into lachrymose occasions half-buried under floral tributes. The two sides of his nature jelled when he promoted Nick Kenny, a *Mirror* versifier, who wrote the deathless line that "snow is the dandruff of God."

Capra had earlier made *Pocketful of Miracles* as *Lady for a Day*, striking a chord that has inspired many a newspaper Cinderella competition. Perhaps the *Par* should get into the act by making the winner of its Scrabble tournament "Prime Minister's Son for a Day."

WHAT DO Bonnie Tyler and Meat Loaf have in common? You'll never guess; so I'll tell you: Jim Steinman. After writing the songs and music for Meat Loaf's previous albums, Steinman has produced and directed Tyler's new album, *Faster Than the Speed of Night* (CBS). Opening with a stunning rendition of "Have You Ever Seen the Rain?" Tyler moves on to the sweeping, hard-rocking little track, so unmistakably a Steinman creation that they needn't have bothered to mention his name on the label. The third number, another Steinman piece and a chart-smasher titled "Total Eclipse of the Heart," closes off Side One, not before whipping you to a total frenzy. Would you believe I never

Distinctive Steinman

ROCK, ETC.
Michal Yudelman

made it to Side Two? These three songs are more than enough proof that the lady with the horse voice is going places. The ease with which Tyler's vocals "sit" on Steinman's pieces shatter yet another myth linking masculinity to hard rock.

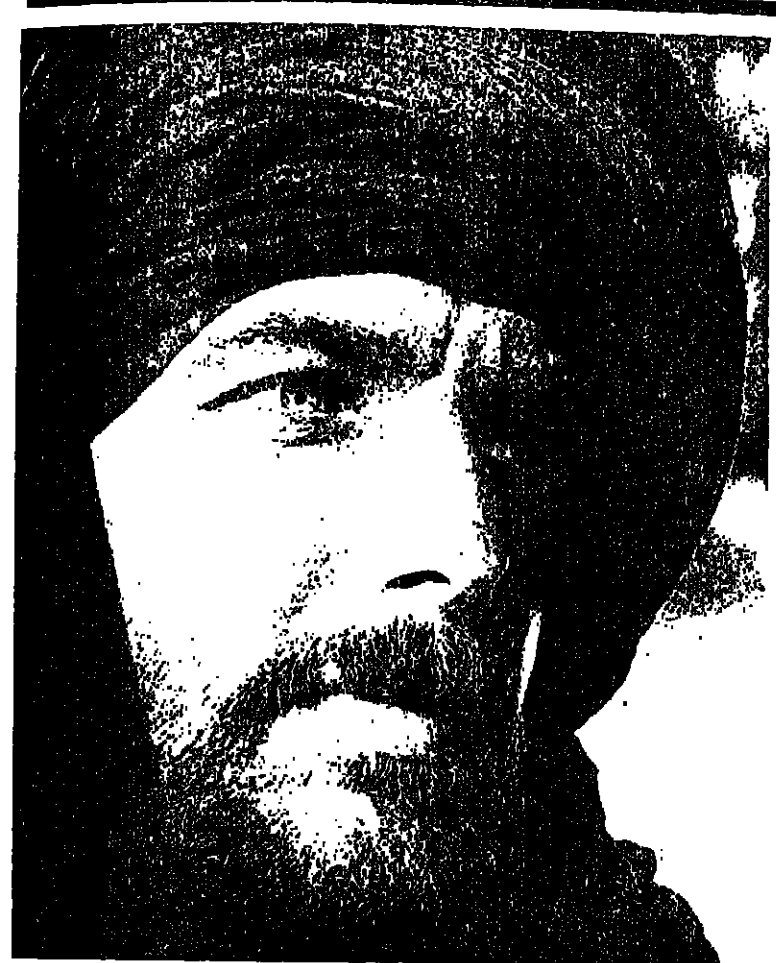
FEMALE HARD rockers don't

seem to catch on too well in Israel — Rachel Sweet, Patti Smith, Heart and others have made fleeting appearances and disappeared again — as the local market veers from intense, hard music to the less demanding, lighter sound. Come to think of it, Meat Loaf hasn't had such a lasting effect here either, and his latest album, *Midnight at the Lost and Found* (CBS), is not likely to remedy the situation. This album was made without Steinman's lyrics and music, so I was really curious to hear what Meat Loaf is up to. The results are both surprising and disappointing. Surprising because the album still sounds just like Meat Loaf — hard, sweaty, insistent and high-lying — which shows that Loaf must have projected more

than his voice into his previous, Steinman-written albums. But there's something missing. It's that elusive, undefinable something which puts the Loaf a cut above other heavy rock singers. The best tracks like the opening "Razor's Edge," "Midnight At the Lost and Found" and "Fallen Angel," are also the ones which sound eerily like Loaf's hits in previous albums. When he was new on the scene, his songs exploded with tremendous impact. Here Loaf's just treading water without going anywhere.

RITA COOLIDGE'S *Never Let You Go* (CBS) takes us back to lukewarm pop and, as always, I feel her voice is wasted. I got quite bored, but just as I had decided the album

hadn't a single song with any "umph," I heard Bob Seger's "We've Got Tonight." This wonderful ballad, sung in duet by Rita and Jermaine Jackson, is the only thing that redeems this album. Unfortunately it is the last song, so if you're impatient you won't get there. The album includes a watered-down version of "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" Apropos Bob Seger, he and the Silver Bullet Band have released *The Distance* (CBS), a good, sound, mainstream rock album, with a whiff of the dusty road, the lonesome traveller and all that. Two lovely ballads, "Love's the Last to Know" and "Comin' Home," round up an already rounded, thoroughly pleasurable album.



Mark Harman (left), who plays a Beduin warrior in the Italian-Spanish co-production 'Taureg,' which was partially shot in Israel. (Right): Filming at the bus station in Jericho.

FILMING WAS completed in Israel last week on *Taureg*, the English-language Italian-Spanish co-production about North African Beduin made here in association with Tel Aviv's Roll Films. Another week of interiors is currently being shot in Rome.

In town to tie up loose ends was Giovanni Bertolucci, the film's Italian executive producer, who had nothing but praise for the Israeli crew. In fact, he enjoyed working here so much that he tried to bring in a new Italian project, *Quo Vadis*. But the film had to be located in Yugoslavia, because of an Italian-Yugoslav co-production agreement. He has now put his efforts into advancing negotiations on an Israeli-Italian co-production agreement. The official draft was received by the government Film Centre on Sunday.

"If the two countries ratify the agreement, it will wipe away some of the bureaucratic problems in Italy affecting the free movement of capital between countries, and make it possible for us to co-produce with yet another country," explained Bertolucci. "As Italy has such agreements with almost every film-producing country in the world, it would be a real benefit to Israel."

Harvey Edinoff, the film accountant who persuaded Bertolucci to shoot in Israel and who served as production administrator on *Taureg*, added that a co-production agreement with the world's largest movie-making country would give Israelis easy access to Italian scriptwriters, actors and directors.

Edinoff, in fact, has just such a project in mind, which is one of the reasons he and Bertolucci are pushing the two governments so hard to ratify the agreement. Edinoff, a British accountant who settled in Jerusalem and stumbled into his new career at the age of 49, would like to try his hand at producing this fall. The movie he wants to make is *Jaffa Oranges*, story and screenplay by novelist Fabio Carpi, a native of Milan now living in Rome, who has a long list of respectable TV and screen credits. *Jaffa Oranges* is the story of a New York Jewish lawyer who has premoni-

tions about an orange grove in Israel, which become reality when he eventually meets his death in this country. Edinoff explains that the film, which would be directed by Carpi, and hopefully be co-produced with Bertolucci, is an allegory about a man finding himself after abandoning his roots.

If all goes well, Edinoff will go directly from *Jaffa Oranges* to *Last Temptation of Christ*. Director Martin Scorsese was in Israel last week for a second visit, this time with his executive producer Hal Polaire, negotiating technical services for the 14-week project by Columbia Pictures, which is scheduled to go into production here in January.

AT THIS WEEK'S premiere of Mike Burstyn's *Kuni Lenel in Cairo*, various members of the film community confirmed that George Roy Hill will indeed shoot two or three weeks of John le Carré's *Little Drummer Girl* here this September. Among the many attending the premiere was Burstyn himself, who is spending the summer here with his family, his co-star Hanna Laslo, U.S. Ambassador Sam Lewis and his wife, Tel Aviv Hilton general manager Dieter Hucklestein and his wife, actress Aviva Marks, gossip columnist Mira Avrech, members of the cast, crew and producers of the Roll Films feature, and comic Shai K. Ofir. Ofir's first art exhibition, the result of spending the last five years "underground," opened Wednesday at Bank Discount's Kikar Hamedina branch. It will last two weeks.

GG Studios vice-president Izhik Kol, who also attended the premiere, confirmed that the Israel Film Producers Association devoted this week's meeting to the minimum-price scale set by the new cinema workers union. According to Kol, when Paramount Studios decided to film *King David* in London and Rome rather than Israel, director Bruce Beresford gave the reason as being the price of hiring Israeli technicians.

"It has gotten to the point where Israelis, who are good, are asking more than Italians, who are also good," said Kol. "If they don't



Mark Harman (left), who plays a Beduin warrior in the Italian-Spanish co-production 'Taureg,' which was partially shot in Israel. (Right): Filming at the bus station in Jericho.

Roll up, Roll up

BETWEEN ACTS
Joan Borsten

lower their prices, foreign producers will find it cheaper to import their technicians, and our technicians will be out of work. That doesn't make sense. It will kill our industry. Unions are the reasons that so many American producers have fled the U.S. and are now shooting abroad."

GALIA ALBIN of Roll, who is now in her 9th month of pregnancy and was not at the premiere, said earlier that some of the foreign producers she is negotiating with also find the Israeli union pay scale for technicians and actors too high. "I will be forced to let foreign producers import crews," she says, "which is terrible because my fight has always been to get jobs for as many Israelis as possible on co-productions. Compromises have to be made."

Albin is now packaging two new projects for Roll. *Altalena* will, of course, tell the story of the ship which during the War of Independence was purchased by Etzel agents and brought to Tel Aviv, loaded with 500 immigrants and a cargo of rifles, machine-guns and ammunition. Ben-Gurion's refusal to allow Etzel to distribute a proportion of the weapons to its own units led to a gun battle resulting in the deaths of 12 of the crew and 70 recruits.

Albin is currently searching for an American scriptwriter. The film, to be made in English, with international stars, will be co-produced by Roll with an American studio or company.

Albin's second new project is *Herzl*, with Amos Elon acting as script adviser.

TEL AVIV FILM-GOERS will be disheartened by the news that Reuven Katzovitch has lost his lease on the Gordon Theatre. Once the Argentinian movie buff, together with his brother Arye and wife Denise, had turned the cinema into one of the city's best art houses, owner Mendel Knoll was apparently able to get more rent than before.

Before the trio took over two-and-a-half years ago, the Gordon was an experience to be avoided. Not only were the films generally of low calibre, but patrons had to put up with hard wooden seats, outdated projection equipment, an inefficient air-conditioning system, less-than-clean lavatories, and numerous intermissions.

We suspect the new management doesn't understand that having comfortable premises (the Katzovitch personally refurbished the theatre) and a good reputation isn't enough these days, with the number of Israelis going to the movies lower than ever before, thanks to video. What made the Gordon so popular was the ability of the three Argentinians to select films that appealed to a wide audience.

Six of the 11 movies they have shown have been major box office successes — to the surprise, it must be added, of almost everyone in the local cinema community. No other theatre was willing to show *Kagayusha*, because the film was not only difficult, but over two-and-a-half hours long. The Katzovitchs, on the other hand, wanted the film badly — and sure enough, Kurusuwa's epic played for three straight months. The Hungarian film *Angi Vera* ran for four months at the Gordon and *City of Women* for seven weeks.

THE GORDON'S biggest coup to date, although the theatre broke world attendance records with both *Four Friends and Tempest*, was *Padre Padrone*. The 1978 Italian TV film, directed by the Taviani brothers, had sat in a distributor's storeroom for several years before the Katzovitchs insisted on showing it at the Gordon — where it ran for six months and was seen by a record 100,000 Tel Avivians.

Since receiving the bad news from Knoll last week Reuven, who is currently doing his compulsory military service, has been searching for a new theatre.

A NEW PUB, *Yatash Burnsh* (Merquito in the Head) opens on July 14 in Filat, just opposite the Marina. The owners are both Tel Avivians — contractor Momo Fuvia and Dudi Schreim, who manages Beit Lessin's Upstairs Celler. Word has it that the beautifully located pub, has been done up in good taste, and that there'll be plenty of good snacks to go with the beer and English atmosphere. Hours are from 5 p.m. until the last client feels like going home.

SINGER Orly Kapach, accompanied by Ari Arev on the piano, and Shimon Lavi, who sings and plays the guitar, will perform at the Carlton Penta's Melodies Bar every evening, from 9.30 p.m. until 1 a.m. Every Saturday evening there will be disco only.

DANI SANDERSON, former Israel Press Office director Zeev Hefetz, and impresario Yehuda Tali have just arrived in Los Angeles to "conquer America." Sanderson has been invited by a company called Sound Connection, to record an English-language LP — music by Sanderson, words by Sanderson and Hefetz. The two will remain in Los Angeles for one and a half months, in quarters rented for them by the record company, and will reportedly be backed by musicians from a very well-known group.

Tali told Between Acts that he believes Sanderson's invitation to record for an American company is a milestone in the annals of Israeli pop music. "This is the first time one of our singers has ever had the chance to break into the American, as opposed to the European market," he said.

RON ASSOULINE was surprised to hear that Israel Television, which in the past has screened films about homosexuality, among them *Days in the Band*, has reneged on his decision to air his *Different Shadow*. The 40-minute film deals with a young Israeli's realization that he is a homosexual.

The art of cut and paste

Gil Goldfine

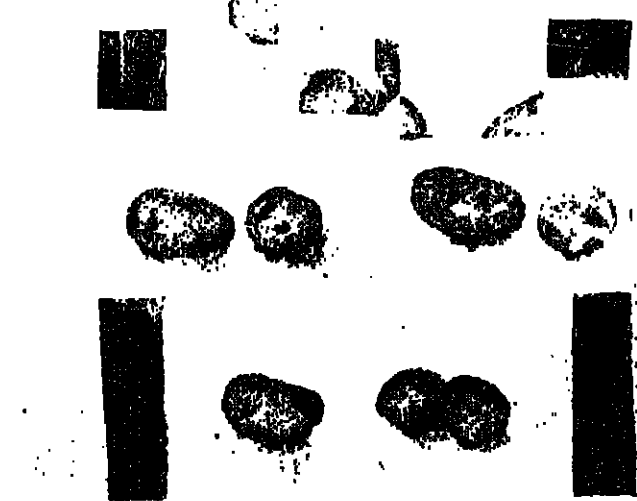
RONI DARIN uses several alternating techniques to produce lively sets of decorative collages. Small strips of ordinary transparent scotch tape are applied in planned meandering patterns, side by side and in overlapping sequences, creating fragile reliefs that play hide and seek with other bits of paper and graphite markings arranged directly on the backing sheet. These "tape" pictures are blends of lyrical designs partnered by delicate pastel shades of blue, pink, yellow and beige.

By contrast, several stronger cut-and-paste pictures are formed by Darin's use of photomontaging architectural vistas as an illusionistic focal plane, a centre piece around which he storms with hand-coloured abstract lines, ink reliefs and pale tones. Generally, Darin's collages are more painterly than structured, and far from the cubist sources of Picasso and Braque in which an understanding of the volumetric boundaries of an object were enhanced by well placed pieces of newspaper, carton and colourful bits of paper.

An anarchistic solution is contained in a third Darin proposal. A sensitive line-and-wash drawing of a rock (or potato?) is rendered, then cut into several shapes and rearranged domino fashion.

Darin's work is thoughtful, unobtrusive and pleasant to look at. As a prolonged visual experience, however, the collages do not send one out shouting with praise nor muttering in disgust. (Ahuva Pincas Gallery, 42 Prug, Tel Aviv.) Till July 27.

MUNI LEBOVITCH is a poor man's Sammy Bak. Lebovitch not only follows the latter's fondness for a naturalistic technique but in his "rare" assortment of secret objects



Roni Darin: collage and wash drawing (Ahuva Pincas Gallery, Tel Aviv).

emulates Bak's flair for subject matter. Vast horizons filled with truly romantic cloud formations (including the familiar light rays spearing through an aperture in billowing white clouds) are the backdrop for meticulous reproductions of wooden chests, draped cloth, geometric solids and metallic accessories.

Primarily, Lebovitch is a student of technical rendering, an artist who enjoys duplicating tactile surfaces as an object lesson in itself. The greater the challenge the harsher and more detailed the observational lesson. Because Lebovitch's subjects are never seen logically in time and place they must be considered anachronisms; and not even the idea of surrealism can be considered. Lebovitch's paintings are conscientious efforts to organize diametrically opposed "things" within a dramatic rocky landscape tied neatly within a broad, deep space.

Bierstadt-inspired procenium. They are adequately painted potboilers and little else. (Gallery 13 1/2, 13 Hadollin, Jaffa.)

A LIVELY show features Sacha Schwartz, Dorit Feldman and Miriam Neiger. Schwartz, in a direct steal from America's Don Haditt (and more recently Nancy Graves) has, nevertheless, produced three sardonic *papier-mache* sculptures entitled "Middle East Views." Vivid colours, expressively applied in a painterly fashion, enliven schematically formed still-lives of palm leaves, fruit, an old tyre, a flaming fuselage and menacing shark fins circling in the sea. All this stabilized on a table top equipped with Mercury-winged wheels ready for a fast escape.

With each new appearance, Feldman's combites are more intense and more sensuous. Spiritually, her saturated-colour photos and dimensional reliefs belong to a form of contemporary baroque style in which colour is exhibited for psychodelic effects and line (like volume) undulates and corkscrews until all possibilities are exhausted. The neon cheapness of Feldman's palette is truly decadent; and paral-



Sacha Schwartz: papier-mache sculpture (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).

leled by the disguised images of throbbing life, genitalia, stamen and intestines. These pictures saddle the quasi-scientific with the Freudian, but with all the lascivious turbulence, one still finds an appeal to the basic senses, to erotic visions of flesh and lust.

Neiger's large, balloony high reliefs are devoid of any bracing elements that can help sustain interest. Taking the stand that grotesque and

forthright expression is "beautiful" (or at least acceptable) and a sign of purging human emotions, Neiger displays three grossly designed cryptic forms in red, blue and silver attached to a bronze coloured canvas. Neither the forms, colour, composition or *gestalt* transmit positive vibrations. A bit of a comedown for this popular young Israeli artist. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv.) Till July 20.

In search of Rembrandt

Meir Ronnen

REMBRANDT: SELF PORTRAITS. By Christopher Wright. London, Gordon Fraser. 136 pp. 123 plates, 56 in colour. £12.95.

I AM glad to be able to return to a book to which I was able to give only a few lines at the time of the last Book Fair, when I incorrectly recorded that it was available through the Franklin Agency. Christopher Wright has managed to give us a hook on Rembrandt that fills a gap: a near chronological catalogue raisonné of nearly a hundred "self-portraits" — there are many in which he merely used himself as a model — etchings, drawings and paintings.

There are extensive notes to the plates, miniatures of which are integrated into the introductory essay. Having weeded out all the drörs, copies and pastiches, Wright leaves us to draw our own conclusions about the few famous works still under a cloud. Two of the still suspect are actually the two Rembrandts I have always liked most, one in the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, the other in



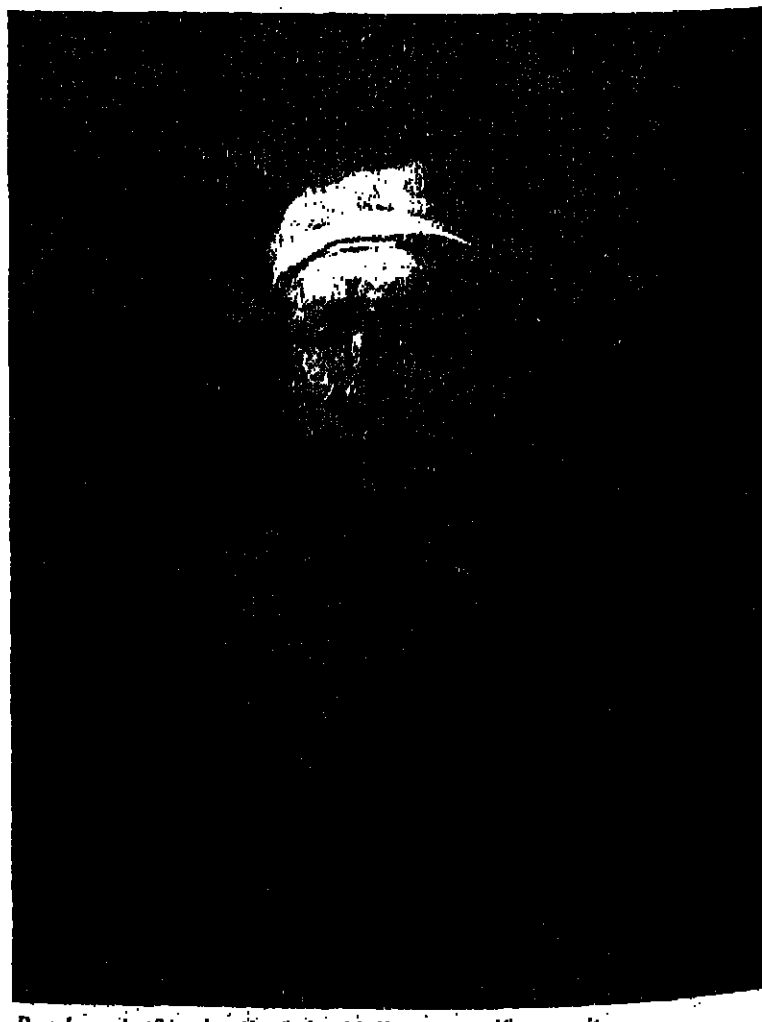
Rembrandt: the Fogg self-portrait, the Fogg Museum in Boston.

As Wright points out, these two paintings are close in style and what I believe has made them suspect is that they are quite unlike any other self-portrait of the master's late period, which gave us only six other self-portraits. What makes them different is not only that they look to their right (and into the beyond, perhaps beyond the grave); both possess a freedom of handling and a sense of breadth that is positively heartwarming and which contains the hallmark of genius in itself. Both are clearly of the same face and by the same hand; and by someone

who knew the face very well: one has only to compare the handling of the bridge of both noses in relation to the successive recession of upper lip and chin. The eyes are also similar in treatment. I don't believe that anyone trying for a pastiche of a Rembrandt self-portrait would or could have invented a new Rembrandt style.

These two paintings from 1660 are intimate, sad self-portraits of the winter of the man, not the famous artist at work, but the record of wilting flesh, ennobled only by a ray of heavenly light. They are also the successful efforts of an aging artist seeking relief from his own mannerisms. If it should ever be proved that these two magnificent paintings are not by Rembrandt, then I shall not feel sorry for myself, but rather for Rembrandt, who should have painted them.

I grew up with the Melbourne Rembrandt. Even today, its expression, the design of its lighting, even the glazed highlight on the tip of the nose, are all engraved on my memory. I have the feeling that Mr. Wright has not seen it. When he does, he may be as forthright about it as he is with other works in his valuable book.

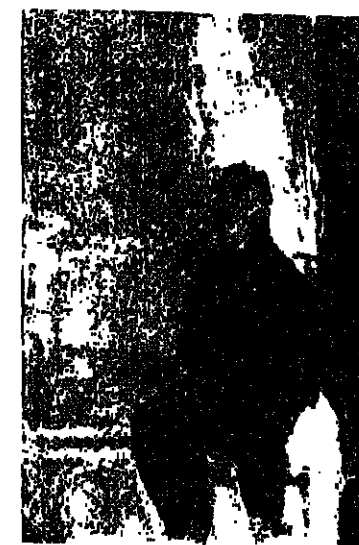


Rembrandt (?): detail of the Melbourne self-portrait.

An Israeli tradition

Meir Ronnen

THE faceless portrait is becoming an Israeli tradition; and a trademark of this gallery. Beba Yannai, a sometime student of Streichman at the Avni Institute, also fits neatly into the Tel Aviv school of abstract-impressionism, using figurative but not realistic elements as a vehicle for painterly surfaces of thinly layered overpainting. Her faceless seated figures (one still feels their character and age) hark back to the early days of the New Horizons movement rather than to the New Painting of today's expressionists. Yannai's seated figures are essays on mass and dark-light values; the low-key colour harmonies are essentially secondary, though important to the overall effect of the painting. Yannai does not always work to the edge, a limitation she turns by occasionally to advantage. But there are several solidly composed works that possess atmosphere as well as formal values. Yannai uses acrylics like oils; and well enough to take in most observers. An effective perfor-



Beba Yannai: acrylic on canvas (Alon Gallery, J'lem).



Yael Keinan: landscape, oils (Nora Gallery, J'lem).

mance, despite patches of somewhat raw blues.

At the same venue, Miriam Atar shows bold watercolour drawings of an opulent woman in a large hat, curiously reminiscent of the subjects of two shows by women artists currently on view at the Jerusalem Theatre. Some of these sketchy drawings move towards composed painting, but even the sole still life, nicely set out in the early Stenatsky manner, remains rather tentative. Atar hasn't yet set her sights high enough. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem.) Till July 21.

ANOTHER female double-bill features two ex-kibbutzniks who also studied at the Avni Institute. Both deal with light in the landscape. Yael Keinan shows skilled oils and screenprints, the latter formalised to the point of abstraction (striking is No.3). Some of the oils are atmospheric, others are brought forward onto the picture plane somewhat in the manner of her teacher, Streichman. Then again, a house in a lane is reduced to a few calligraphic strokes on a coloured ground, almost like early Fima. An uneven effort but one has the feel-



Lydia Douer: seascape, pastel (Nora Gallery, J'lem).



Miriam Atar: watercolour, 1983 (Alon Gallery, J'lem).

ing that Keinan is definitely "getting there."

The opposite walls are covered with more literal but attractive pastels by Lydia Douer, whose work derives more from the French post-impressionists. Her handling and colour, over warm-toned paper, is elegant and lively, but her work sometimes verges on the pretty. Compositions are competent, but without surprises. (Nora Gallery, 9 Maimon, J'lem.) Till July 23.

PASTELS and mixed media works on paper by American artist Ann

Royer hark back to the early days of experimental art in Paris. Royer draws and colours groups of dances or what appear to be circus riders, using the formalised shape and rhythmic line beloved of the Armory Show period. She manages, however, to infuse them with a character of her own and the figures themselves have an entirely contemporary look. A single impressive bronze, of a dancer, is made in the manner of Duchamp-Villon, but with a slight expressionist twist. (Engel Gallery, 13 Shlomzion Hanakka, J'lem.) Till July 23.

Velazquez: a turning point

Meir Ronnen

VELAZQUEZ. By Enriqueta Harris. Oxford, Phaidon Press. 340pp. With 228 illustrations, 43 in colour. £27.50.

THE author of the admirably readable and thoroughly informative text to this book succinctly hits the nail on the head time after time: that Velazquez was, with Rembrandt, the greatest painter of his day; that he was the heir to and often surpassed, the achievements of Caravaggio and Rubens; that he had a profound influence on painters from Zurbaran and Goya to Manet and Picasso; that his portraiture is among the greatest of all times and that it possesses a remarkable composure and stillness. All that is missing is the why.

Like all the great portraitists, Velazquez was accomplished as a teenager and a master in his early twenties. But, like Rembrandt, his portraiture evolved with age. Everyone only slightly familiar with his work can, without much effort, summon up the images of the Spanish court, the kings, princes and Infantas with their Habsburg lip, their buffoons and dwarfs, the magical presence of Juan de Pareja, the unforgettable crafty visage of Pope Innocent X.

Velazquez was, simply, a turning point in painting. He was a painter's painter for two simple reasons not gone into here. He possessed to a remarkable degree that quality which all his heirs so admired and sought to achieve: the quality of breadth, breadth of facial plane, breadth of paint handling, breadth of drawing and character and last, but not least, breadth of composition. Velazquez used the same classical geometrical devices of composition as El Greco, Rubens and

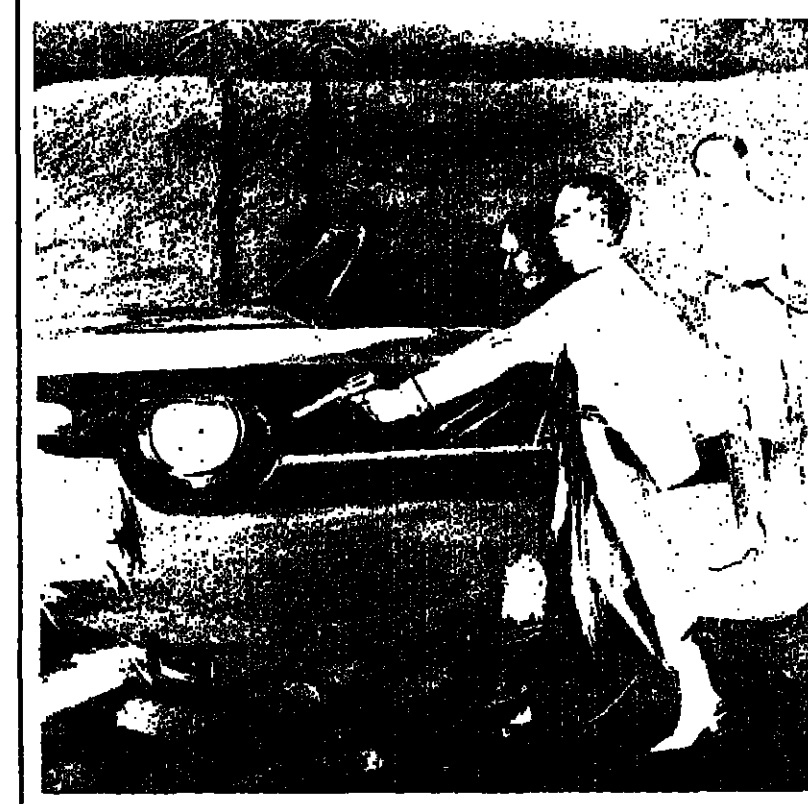


Velazquez: Pope Innocent X (detail).

of painters (and few put them to better use than Sargent).

Sadly, many of the reproductions in this carefully designed and handsome book do not do justice to the edifying text, which covers all recent scholarship (including Madlyn Millner Karr's 1976 *Velazquez, The Art of Painting*, from which it borrows a few ideas and dismisses others). Neither the photography nor the printing do the slightest justice to Velazquez. The paint quality disappears. One longs for more details, or a close up of the head of Innocent X, here a slick approximation. Some of the black and white reproductions are better, while others seem to lack ink.

Nevertheless this is a fine introduction to the painter, his life and times; and it even comprises the text of Palomino's life of Velazquez, together with a concomitant chronology of his works. A must for art history students.



Yehuda Yatziv: "We All Love Heroes", acrylic ("Graphics 3," Haifa).

Pop goes the weasel

YEHUDA YATZIV shows large canvases in acrylics, oils and also drawings (the last his weak point), influenced by pop art. Each painting tells a straight story expressed through expert composition. A tale of sordid life is explicit in the triptych "Interrogation" of blindfolded men and women, clad in the simplest clothes compatible with decency, although the males, their trousers disordered (e.g. genitals visible), have evidently been beaten up. Three sets of figures inhabit this gangster world of murder ("We All Love Heroes") and life in basements ("Somewhere Deep in Europe"); well dressed men; tall, mannish women yet clearly

feminine, admiringly passive towards their men and overcome by fear for the third figures, viz. mad dogs from which the male's gun protects them ("In Self Defence"). To convey this world, Yatziv's composition is ably complemented by harmonious bright colour (provided there is not too much white), attaining a luxurious bronze in the nude of a lanky Amazonian striptease girl ("Red Hearts"). The only signs of tranquillity in this show are a couple's quiet dogs ("Morning Walk") and the restful and competent "Holiday in Rhodes" — but what lies beyond? ("Graphics 3" Gallery, Haifa.) Till July 23.

E. HARRIS

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

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Yemin Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.

The Tourist Post. Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored Jewish military outpost, Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hall Hadassah St.).

Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II. 6, Reh. Or Hama, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Tel Aviv Museum. New Exhibitions: Picasso, Continuing Exhibitions: Expressionists, A.E. Benck, Expedition to the Holy Land, Helmar Lersch, Photographs 1910-1947, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art; Israeli Art, New Acquisitions 1982-83; On Lishitz Prints from the Museum Collection; 11 Sculptures and Equestrian, Isral Tumbler.

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The Jerusalem Post.

TIMES have changed. The passions that once ruled the various Christian denominations in their zeal to control their holy places have abated somewhat. No longer do monks batter each other with ceremonial crosses. But the fact that Israel has become the arbiter between the branches of Christianity has thrust it into a position which is not to be envied.

There are particular sensitivities concerning two shrines, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, one marking the site of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus, the other marking his birthplace. Both are not just spiritual shrines — they are also buildings which are used and require repair.

In the Church of the Nativity, for example, the roof leaks. Everyone knows the roof leaks. During the Christmas season, rain drips on the worshippers; experts fear that permanent damage may be done to the rare mosaics on the upper walls. But no one can agree on who should fix it.

The problem is not a new one. L.G.A. Cust, the district officer of Jerusalem during the Mandate, wrote in 1929 in what was a confidential document entitled *The Status Quo in the Holy Places*: "No question more constantly exercised the Moslem rulers of Palestine and took up more of their time than the ever recurring difficulties and disputes arising out of the circumstances that the Christian Holy Places in Jerusalem and Bethlehem were not in one ownership but were shared and served by several communities."

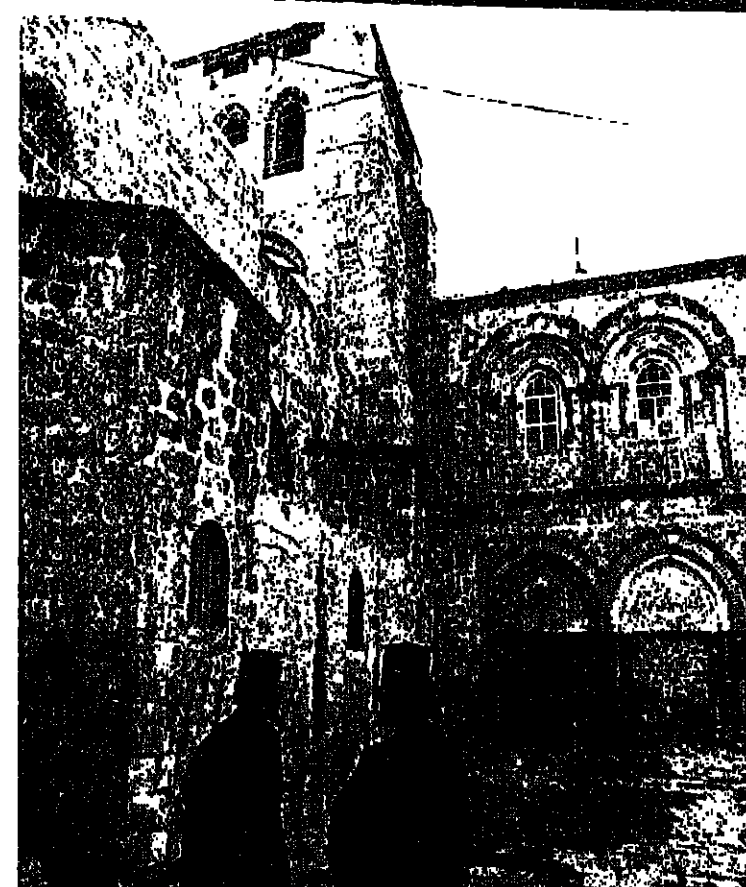
He added that the experience of the Mandatory government did not differ greatly in this respect. For 13 centuries, Cust noted, the Holy Places of Christianity were under the dominion of a non-Christian power from whom concessions were obtainable by diplomatic pressure or other influences. A contemporary expert on the subject remarks that the "other influences" were usually bribes offered to the Turkish governors.

THE TWO CHURCHES are, for the most part, divided between three communities, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians and the Roman Catholics (usually referred to as the Latins), with various minor rights and privileges in the hands of other sects.

But such minor rights can have major repercussions, as may be seen from the 10-year unresolved struggle between the Copts and the Ethiopians over the possession of some huts on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The dispute was brought up during the peace talks with Egypt, when the Egyptians demanded that the structures be returned to the Copts. Since the opening of the borders with Egypt, the wealthy and influential Egyptian Coptic community have been ordered by the head of their church not to go on pilgrimages to Jerusalem until the buildings are in their hands.

The key document in this and other disputes is the 1852 declaration by Sultan Abdul Mejid, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, that the situation in the churches be frozen; this became known as the "Declaration of the Status Quo in the Holy Places." The statement was in response to continued pressure by the Catholic powers of the West, on behalf of the Latins, and equally along threats from the Russian Czar, on behalf of the Greek Orthodox. The declaration has worked surprisingly well, even if the



churches are not always in agreement about what constitutes the status quo.

The roof of the Church of the Nativity has never been the same since the lead roof was removed by the Turks in the early part of the 17th century for the manufacture of ammunition. Numerous small repairs have been conducted since. Now, the experts say, it needs to be replaced.

THE MAIN rights within the basilica are in the hands of the Greek Orthodox. It is they who have the official right to clean the building once a year. They have the

exclusive right to hold processions in the nave, and they say that they are the ones who should replace the roof.

The Latins and the Armenians, however, argue that, even if their rights are more limited, they do have a share in the ownership of the church, and should be allowed to contribute towards replacing the roof.

Another party now enters the scene in the form of the Civil Administration of Judea and Samaria. It has no interest in the church, it says, other than ensuring that it functions properly and that the

Battle for the belfry

HAIM SHAPIRO describes the fight for control of the major Christian shrines in Israel.



mosaics, dating from the 12th century, are not damaged by the seepage.

In the past, says the spokesman for the Civil Administration, when the various communities could not agree, the government would carry out any urgent repair work that needed to be done and thus leave in abeyance the question of ownership. In fact, the Civil Administration has undertaken minor repairs on the roof in the past, and is ready to replace the roof. As far as the Latins and Armenians are concerned, the government should do the work if no agreement can be reached.

FOR THE Greek Orthodox the problem of the roof of the Church of the Nativity is so serious that they invite *The Jerusalem Post* for a special audience with Patriarch Diodoros I, the head of their church in the Holy Land.

When he speaks of the Greek presence in the land, he begins not with the Church, but with Alexander the Great. The first Greek bishop of Jerusalem was the apostle Mark, he says, and his Church traces its rights in the holy places to the reign of Constantine in 335.

For them, any rights which the Latins and the Armenians have in either church are in the nature of a usurpation, the result of interference by corrupt rulers. The claims of the Latins arose only during the time of the Crusades, while those of the Armenians date from the 16th and 17th centuries.

"If we were free to conduct the repairs ourselves in both churches," says the patriarch, "we would build these shrines with gold." The repairs which the Mandatory government carried out in the 1930s were illegal, he says adamantly. Then he adds a political note: "If this land is yours forever, as your prime minister says, you should have the courage to make lasting decisions. It is not an answer to repeat the decision of a previous government."

In a letter to the Civil Administration, the patriarch thanked it for offering to pay for the repairs, but insisted on the right of his own Church to do so. Meanwhile, the Administration continues to be embarrassed. When pilgrims come and see a leaking shrine, it is the government they accuse of negligence.

THE CHURCH of the Holy Sepulchre poses a different problem, one that's aesthetic and historical rather than religious. The building is now undergoing a process of restoration and preservation, following many decades during which the sects could not agree to take action. In 1939, for instance, the Mandatory government feared the cupola would collapse and erected scaffolding under it. But repair work began only in 1960, with architects representing the three major communities supervising operations. Agreement to repair the rotunda, which encloses the Tomb itself, came in 1968. Because of the state of the building, entire walls and arches had to be replaced, stone by stone. Although the three communities are in agreement about basic architectural points, each is free to do as it sees fit in its section.

The case of the offended purist was perhaps best stated by Israeli archaeologist Meir Ben-Dov in a recent letter to the director-general of UNESCO. There is no question that Ben-Dov, who is responsible for the excavations at the Temple Mount, is bitter about the fact that UNESCO regularly passes resolu-

tions that are critical of his work, despite the fact that he takes infinite pains to ensure that the reconstruction at the site are historically accurate, reflecting all the major periods. At the same time, UNESCO seems to take no interest in the restoration work being done nearby in the Old City.

Although Ben-Dov sent his letter over a month ago, he has not yet received a reply. In view of the political orientation of the organization, he is not likely to get one.

In his letter, Ben-Dov complained about a 6th century mosaic being laid out over 12th century vaults, of Romanesque capitals being replaced with capitals in very different styles, some with scenes that are anachronistic in the context of the church, and of walls built in the central nave which destroy the plan of the basilica.

Perhaps in an effort to be balanced in his criticism, Ben-Dov touched upon actions by each of the communities in the areas where, according to agreement, they are free to do as they see fit.

When asked whether a religious institution like a church, which constitutes a shrine to millions of believers, is not outside the realm of the UN organization, Ben-Dov pointed out that last winter, at a conference in Basel, UNESCO passed a resolution not to give in to religious pressure.

STRANGELY enough, in this case the spokesmen for the churches were apologetic. The strongest defence for their freedom to change came from Daniel Rossing, head of the Religious Affairs Ministry's department of Christian communities. He put forward the argument that the church is not an historical monument but a living edifice that reflects the spiritual feelings of those using it.

One informant pointed out that there were two distinct phases in the restoration work. At first, he said, there was a genuine attempt to restore the old building. Then each community took over and began adding things.

A spokesman for the Armenians, who asked not to be named, admitted that the 6th century mosaic, which the Armenians found on Mt. Zion and transferred to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, did perhaps reflect an attempt to express the national feelings of the Armenians.

A high Roman Catholic official, who also asked not to be named, admitted that not everything his church had done was necessarily in the best of taste.

But the most surprising statement came from Diodoros. After explaining the historical rights of his Church, and the fear that these rights were being encroached upon by the others, he said that much of the work done in the church had been carried out in an effort to ensure that these rights were safeguarded. This explained the thick high walls that were built where previously low walls or temporary partitions had existed.

Asked to express his own opinion of the work, especially the iconostasis, the wall separating the apse from the rest of the church, he paused. It was this wall that had caused much of the criticism.

"When I was elected patriarch [in February 1981] I had not been in Jerusalem for 20 years, as I was serving as an archbishop in Jordan," he said. "My first steps as patriarch were in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. When I saw the iconostasis, I stopped the work. I thought it was not worthy of the Holy Sepulchre."

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The Jerusalem Post Family Library

IN THE late 1970s, when Israel was between wars and thus, by definition bored with itself, one of the subjects the Israeli media batted on to make that boredom bearable for a few weeks was a flap over a young professor of philosophy at Tel Aviv University. Dr. Baruch Kroi considered himself a disciple of the late author Ayn Rand and a devotee of her philosophy of primal egotism. In a series of lectures and newspaper articles, Dr. Kroi tried to convince Israelis that the single valid value in life was egotistical self-interest and that all other values were either driven or derived from that primal egotistical drive. His short-lived notoriety derived from the feeling that his philosophy was so antithetical to everything Israeli as to make it eminently newsworthy.

What prompts me to recall the otherwise forgettable Dr. Kroi is my recent visit to the Antipodes and my recollection that shortly after his meteoric burst of prominence, he became a yored to Australia. I never did find Dr. Kroi there — to tell the truth, I didn't bother to look for him. But my weeks in the Antipodes convinced me that if one were going to drop out — from Israel certainly, but also from a good part of the rest of the world — Australia and New Zealand were the places to do it.

The contrast with Israel, especially, couldn't be greater. We are a manic, hyperactive and hyperconcerned society, with a tendency to fabricate imaginary problems to add to the very long list of real ones. Australia and New Zealand seem, at first glance, as close as one could get to a problem-free existence.

In a previous article, I quoted recent South African Jewish immigrants as saying that Australia was the closest thing to the never-never land of South Africa, but without the apartheid. In another sense, Australia is also the closest thing to the United States, but without its pervasive atmosphere of social violence.

CAN THERE, however, be a surfeit of such desirable things as a life with no problems? Some of the people I met, and especially many of the academics, seemed to think so. Academics tended to complain of the feeling of isolation from the big world, and of the frustration of living in an academic backwater.

Australia and New Zealand share that problem with Israel, which is also on the fringes of the Western academic world. But the difference between us and them is sheer physical distance. Israelis are only a few hours away from Europe, and by the same token Europeans are only the same distance and time away from us. Israel is very much in the middle of the migratory patterns of European and American academics, politicians and businessmen.

Australia is not, and New Zealand even less so. It is 10-12 hours' flying time from their major cities to the west coast of the U.S., to Japan or Singapore, and 20 hours and more to West European centres. Nevertheless, many Australians and New Zealanders travel, for the same reason apparently that motivates the annual Israeli *Völkerwanderung*, escape the feeling of geographic and cultural claustrophobia.

The fear of some people is much stronger than that of being relegated to a cultural periphery, however pleasant. A former New Yorker who is a professor at a New Zealand university was bitter about

his "monumental mistake" in transplanting himself in the mid-1970s. "They wouldn't know an idea if they stumbled over it," these lower-class English squares, he said scathingly of his colleagues.

His wife, who came from a fundamentalist Ozark Mountains Baptist background, was much more understanding. "The trouble with Norman is that he's a typical neurotic New York Jew and he wouldn't recognize happiness if he saw it. Sure they have nearly no problems here, and not much truck with ideas for ideas' sake. So what's wrong with that? What's wrong is Norman's New York-Jewish conscience, that believes that being happy and having no problems is sinful."

Why did Norman and Martha come from New York to the beautifully manicured countryside of New Zealand's Northern Island? To escape the curse of Vietnam, of course.

"But it was clearly a mistake. I had idealistic visions of escaping from a vicious America embroiled in the horrors of Vietnam, to an egalitarian country that had no war, no Vietnam and no nuclear bombs. But the price I had to pay in sheer boredom and frustration simply wasn't worth it."

This is obviously an extreme view. Much more typical was that of the woman who did my make-up for a television broadcast in Christchurch. She said she had

come from around Manchester three years ago "because you simply can't make a living in England any more. New Zealand is a beautiful country with a wonderful way of life. I'll never go back."

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand are typical countries of immigration, both having doubled their populations since the end of World War II. While this immigration has constituted the greatest force for progress it also contains the greatest potential problem for the future. That problem is how to foster controlled population growth while maintaining the dominant culture established by the original immigrants from the British Isles.

This problem is especially acute in Australia, which equals U.S. minus Alaska in size but has only 15 million inhabitants, and those spread out in a few urban clusters along the eastern, southern and western rims of the gigantic continent. To get the feel of it you should imagine a United States that had only New York, Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco, with a fraction of their populations, and absolutely nothing in between.

Australian leaders concerned with the problem of the increasing unemployment and the need for economic development readily admit the prime importance of fostering additional immigration to spur domestic economic activity. Their dilemma is an unwillingness to

"dilute" the British and white European make-up of the population. The problem is that there simply aren't that many more potential immigrants from the British Isles (although that should not be ruled out if the British economy keeps on going down the drain).

The great fear is of being swamped by a large immigration from over-populated South and East Asia. Compared with Australia's 15m. people, Indonesia next door has close to 150m., the Philippines over 50m., Japan over 120m. and India, Bangladesh and Pakistan hundreds upon hundreds of millions. Some thoughtful Australians I spoke to believe that it will prove impossible in the long run to keep out millions of migrants from these countries, where the population explosion is only beginning. In the meantime, however, they are doing their best to keep them out, with very few exceptions being made for the Vietnamese refugee boat-people and other humanitarian cases.

NEW ZEALAND is much less touched by this potential pressure, although part of its own doubling of population has come from the influx of 80,000 Polynesians from Fiji, Samoa and Tahiti since the end of World War II. "Very few people know that Auckland is the largest Polynesian city in the world," I was told repeatedly.

The Polynesians, who were

originally brought over as cheap, unskilled labour during the initial phase of New Zealand's postwar industrialization, integrated very rapidly into the economy. New Zealand's major potential societal problem lies elsewhere, however, in the large Maori minority which is just beginning to come into its own.

The Maoris were the original indigenous population of New Zealand when British settlement began, as recently as 1840. Their number at that time was vaguely estimated to be several hundred thousand, but that number was sharply reduced in the next 100 years by wars and the initial shock effect of the introduction of European diseases.

In recent decades the number of Maoris has shot up again, and their population is now estimated at about 500,000, or close to 15 per cent of New Zealand's total population of 3.5m. There is a serious problem with these figures, however, because the question of who is a Maori is no less vexatious than that of who is a Jew.

I had the opportunity to stay overnight with two Maori families, and they openly admitted that there are almost no pure-blood Maoris left. Inter-marriage between the British settlers and the Maoris has been quite common for the past century and a half, and the 500,000 figure is based on the number of people who choose to identify themselves as Maoris. □

Never-never lands

If one were to drop out, Australia and New Zealand are the places to do it, writes The Jerusalem Post's YOSEF GOELL, who recently returned from a visit to the Antipodes.



FOR THE reservist totting a month's necessities, poetry offers the maximum in diversion-hours per kilo-ship. Recently I packed off these volumes to help whittle away the tedium of sitting guard. Expectations, especially for the first two selections, were high. For Natan Zach, a 1981 Bialik Prize-winner, this is a first booklength appearance in English, a signal moment for any Israeli writer. It was, therefore, a first opportunity for me to read this figure of stature on the local scene in sustained fashion. As for the American, Edwin Honig, I have known and enjoyed both the works and the man for over twenty years, so the pleasure I anticipated from this retrospective was of a different order. I was in for some surprises.

Zach, now in his fifties, and a professor at Haifa University after residing more than a decade in England, surfaced prominently thirty years ago in the vanguard of the "new poetry." As Gabriel Levin noted in an essay in *The Literary Review*, Poetry from Israel number, Zach reacted fiercely to what he regarded as the artificiality of Natan Alterman's verse. The credo of the post-War of Independence generation called for a leaner, more rigorous, ironic, and vulnerable poetry. Now that may be a road-sign for what, say, Yehuda Amichai has achieved. The bad news, however, is that, at least in English, where Zach means to be asstringent or "lean," he dwindles into thinness, and world-weariness stands in too often for wit or oblique wisdom.

What is cumulatively debilitating in his poetic voice is a posture both cautionary and didactic, a tenuous grasp on reality, a tendency to undercut assertions with coy negations, abstraction in characterization ("the boy," "the old man," "a woman"), and pretentious self-dramatization of Zach-the-bird-of-poetry. "To Rise from Ashes" is a complicated business. Only one bird is an expert, and even it, apparently, is never seen... the phoenix is not a mythological creature. It's here among us, but it's rare. "Rare, to be sure, but we adduce his initials as N.Z. Two poems back he asserted, "Yes, I am aware. Yes, I recollect/At last an unequivocal answer/A starry night?/No. Not yet." That is, unequivocal for everyone except himself. A final sample of typical Zach at his most irritating — "A Stranger Won't Understand" —

A day of unplanned sunlight. A sea gull flares above the roof, an open parachute.

THE ENGLISH translation of this exhaustive study of Shabbat prayers and customs appeared posthumously. It was originally Part II of the author's major study of the *siddur*, *Netiv Binah*, and contains many explanations of the Sabbath services, from *Kabbalat Shabbat* and evening prayers, through *Zoharot*, *Musaf*, *Mincha* and *Ma'ariv*, up to the closing *Melaveh Malka*.

Rabbi Jacobson presents a general explanation of each service, and then discusses the individual prayers, including the historical development of each with explanations of the varying customs among Hassidic, Sephardic and other distinct communities. Finally, each verse is examined and scholar's commentaries, sometimes contradictory, are given.

The section on Sabbath Eve discusses the importance of lighting candles. This custom is not mentioned in the Tora and yet the traditional blessing contains the formula "who commanded us with His

Poetic surprises



Natan Zach (centre) with Shulamit Yasnay-Starkman and Peter Everwine.

THE STATIC ELEMENT: Selected Poems of Natan Zach. Translated by Peter Everwine and Shulamit Yasnay-Starkman. New York, Atheneum. 73 pp. \$7.95

INTERRUPTED PRAISE: New Selected Poems by Edwin Honig. Metuchen, N.J. The Scarecrow Press. 174 pp. \$13.50

THE LITERARY REVIEW: Poetry from Israel: 1970-1980. Journal of

Here is the sudden turn I too should have been able to make. At my age it's difficult. But I tell myself: I'll try. Without strain, however. The secret of beauty lies in the effortless. A graceful thing doesn't beat its wings... A stranger won't understand how hard it is for the ordinary newspaper reader or the man standing in line to unfold his wings let alone do a proper job of anything. To flap one's mouth, now and then, is something else entirely.

I would prefer to believe that the irony is in part self-directed, that the mouth-flapper at the end might include the poet as well as the "stranger" (critic-sniveller), but the first part of the poem determinedly sets the speaker apart with his load of secret wisdom.

A few of Zach's poems feel rounded or fully achieved. Here,

Contemporary Writing of Fairleigh Dickinson University. Madison, N.J. Winter 1983, Vol 26, No. 2. 138 pp. \$3.50

IN NEW YORK: A Selection by Moyshe-Leyb Halpern. Translated by Kathryn Hellerstein. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society. 166 pp. \$9.95

Haim Chertok

almost at random, are a bundle of endings: "Which only goes to show/the ways of heaven/and possibly, those of nature"; "You know how one thing leads to another"; "The one who entered is the one who left/ Nothing comes"; "A hundred dollar bill. A painted door/Alone"; "Hell is, is real"; and "So what." These ragtags are, I think, indicative, of a chronic failure to sustain a poetic idea successfully. Sadly, Zach's infrequently striking effects, such as the close of "The Countries We Live In," ("Look! how soft its down/a blackbird, its color lovely to behold/ And the other two have flown") serve mainly to offset the general flatness.

IN THE special issue of *The Literary Review* devoted to the current poetry scene in Israel, Zach, to my chagrin, rates more pages than anyone else (one more than T.

Carmi and Dahlia Ravikovich, both of whom read rather well in English, so I'm confident he'll wax and thrive despite my demur. The issue is well-edited by Zali Gurevitch, Gabriel Levin, and Jonathan Wilson; it contains a section on English poetry written in Israel. The essay by Levin over-viewing contemporary Hebrew poetry is particularly useful.

About half the poems are recent pieces by established figures like Gabriel Preil and Avotz Yeshurun. What could it signify that I generally found these entries far more pleasurable than those of the younger (i.e., younger than myself) poets? Or that the poetry written in English seems of appreciably higher quality, benefiting by surer sense of subject, technique subsumed by structure, and a richer tonality, than that of the Hebrew language poets? Of the former, Dennis Silk's wit, the dramatic poignancy of Shirley Kaufman, and Marsha Pomerantz's precision and controlled compassion (informing her "Lucy" poems) can bear comparison with much of the fine poetry now being written in England or America. But the largely vertical pieces (which tempt one to skim up the page — but then why bother to skim poetry at all?) of Menachem Ben and Aharon Shabtai seem parochial indeed. It's my distinct impression that the more talented younger Hebrew poets are, whatever the cause, the women: Rivka Miriam, Yona Wollach, and Maya Bejerano.

This Winter 1983 *Literary Review* is the best collection of recent Israeli poetry available in English. The problem is that *The Literary Review*, which is Fairleigh Dickinson University's bid for the intellectual Big Leagues, is scarcely available hereabouts. I suppose you could obtain a copy by writing to Madison, New Jersey.

EDWIN HONIG'S Interrupted Praise also issues, by chance, from New Jersey, and I expect it is about as accessible. Honig is probably better known as a critic and translator than for his poetry. Now in his sixties, and recently retired from Brown University, he deserves wider recognition for his distinguished verse. Except for his most recent poems, I was already quite familiar with his output. What I was unprepared for was the power, clarity of vision, and technical virtuosity of the work as a whole. Honig's poetry shares features of meticulousness and immediacy with Richard

movement in his home town, Hamburg, and later in Tel Aviv. His attachment to the settlement of Eretz Yisrael began long before he actually made *aliya* in 1939 and is apparent from many of his commentaries on the *siddur*. For example, on *Birchat HaChodesh* (the Blessing over the New Moon), Rabbi Jacobson claims that since the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem determined when Rosh Chodesh would fall, the very proclamation of the beginning of the month finds the Diaspora Jew with Eretz Yisrael. "At all times and in every place we remain united in fellowship with Jerusalem."

who, according to legend, accompany the family home from the synagogue on Friday evening. If, when they arrive home, they find the lamp burning, the table laid and the couch covered with a spread, the good angel says, "May it be so next Shabbat," and the evil angel must answer "Amen". But if not, the evil angel says, "May it be so next Shabbat," and the good angel perforce has to answer "Amen".

"Shalom Aleichem" is followed by "Eshet Chayil" (a woman of "valor, who can find...") (Proverbs 31). This was instituted, not as most people think in praise of the mistress of the house who prepared for the Sabbath. Rather, according to the Kabbalah, the *Shechina* (the Divine Presence) is portrayed as a housewife and the Shabbat greeting is directed to it.

RABBI Jacobson was not only a scholar, educator and prolific writer of religious articles, but also spiritual leader for the Tora Va'vodah

Eberhart's and has the density of communion with nature and self characteristic of Theodore Roethke.

There's nothing for it but to offer a sample of the pleasures of reading Honig. "Bodega, Goodbye," a poem from the Sixties, displays the sinuosity of his line, the exactness of the detail heightening feeling, the aptness of image wedded to closure. (It also bears a suitable superficial resemblance to the poem by Zach already cited.)

The wind is not right today. It mocks the ancientness of beams upholding this loose porch that has shaded us all summer. It makes the old porch shudder and the terrace dirt look down, down-down.

The wind faxes and blows wrong. It makes the baby crank who should be sleeping in mild air out of sun's reach on the crooked porch by the half-gone wooden railing where a smoked-out hornet's nest lines the eaves like false teeth

Night, and the wind still heaves and gulps, and flaps the shades. A nightbird cries as though nothing had ever lain so still as boulders in the moonlit field. I turn over in my sleep like a basket of broken bones.

FINALLY, the latest volume in *The Jewish Publication Society's* excellent Jewish Poetry Series, it is a Yiddish-English edition of about one-third of Moyshe-Leyb Halpern's lengthy nightmare journey of emigration and disillusion, *In New York*. Originally appearing in 1919, it offers a massive poetic chronicle of alienation and despair in the New World. Halpern was an expansive, assimilative poet who wrote in chords reminiscent of Vachel Lindsay and (inevitably) Whitman. Yet the climactic section, "A Night," is a wilderness of wrenching images which strangely evokes Lucretia's parallel (also five-part) desperate encounter with America — *Poet in New York*. Hellerstein's editing is particularly fine. Halpern's *In New York* is fascinating, at times very powerful, reading. JPS deserves praise for this volume and for its poetry series as a whole.

An oddity, it is not, that Philadelphia and the Jersey boat-docks provide good fodder and hometown New York the chafe! But after several sessions of guarding with Moyshe-Leyb Halpern's New York, it seems somewhat fitting after all.

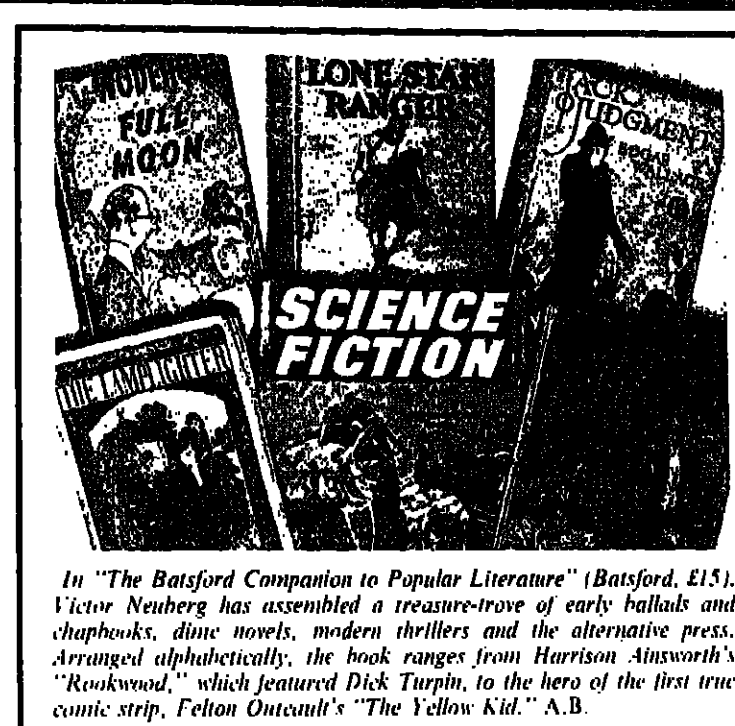
WHILE I was reading *In Search of Excellence*, and carrying the book around town, people would ask to look at it. Any book with so pretensions a title deserves at least a look. No doubt some expected another self-help programme, or perhaps a cookbook or restaurant guide.

The excellence, however, for which the authors are searching is to be found in large American businesses. For many years, we have been flooded with literature on the "Japanese miracle." Libraries are filled with books describing the management techniques and commercial strategies of the suddenly invincible Japanese *zibatsu*. Despite this deluge, the Americans have not been totally routed. Firms such as IBM, Boeing Aircraft, and McDonald's hamburger chain are still among the most successful in the world.

What are the elements that make these firms successful, and how do they differ from the other declining American firms? The analysis, although totally unscientific and largely anecdotal, makes sense. The principles which are presented are very broad and often trivial, but a great deal of evidence indicates that they are often overlooked in practice.

The most essential element is the "unusual effort of apparently ordinary employees." New products are herded through a thick and risk-averse management by "product champions" committed to their ideas. They fight for particular innovations with an intensity which goes far beyond the call of duty, or their job-descriptions. IBM and Boeing not only permit relatively low level individuals to fight their superiors, but even encourage their efforts. According to the authors, each IBM or McDonald's employee, even the greasiest teenage hamburger defroster, is made to feel that his or her skills are valued.

The bane of many organizations, such as businesses and government bureaucracies, is the overly rational



In "The Batsford Companion to Popular Literature" (Batsford, £15), Victor Neuberg has assembled a treasure-trove of early ballads and chapbooks, dime novels, modern thrillers and the alternative press. Arranged alphabetically, the book ranges from Harrison Ainsworth's "Rookwood," which featured Dick Turpin, to the hero of the first true comic strip, Felton Outcault's "The Yellow Kid." A.B.

Motivated miracle

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE by Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman, Jr. Harper and Row, New York. 360 pp. \$19.95

Gershon Steinberg

systems analyst and manager. Most American managers and bureaucrats function according to what they learned in business school. Nothing is done until it has been approved according to the formal chain-of-command. Each employee must report to a superior, and every overlying must monitor his or her underlings. The result is a surfeit of management, and commercial stagnation. By the time all the reports are complete, the market is gone. The analysis which

is produced is generally "too complex to be useful and too unwieldy to be flexible, analysis that strives to be precise (especially at the wrong time) about the inherently unknowable."

THE SECOND group of properties that, at least according to the authors, leads to success, is a fundamental concern for customer response. IBM's reputation is built upon its service record. Although its products are seldom the most innovative, and never the least expensive, this prototypically successful American firm pampers its customers. While most companies begin and end their relationship with the sale of a product, IBM sales and service representatives are available on 24-hour call. (Last sum-

mer, while in the U.S., I had occasion to test this claim. For sceptics who have become accustomed to the Israeli tradition, the response was remarkable.)

The same principle leads to an emphasis on quality control. To avoid customer dissatisfaction, great effort is expended to minimize defective products. A properly motivated work force contributes to this objective. Workers who are part of the enterprise are more likely to care about the company's reputation. As professionals, they would be embarrassed to turn out defective products.

In addition to building a regular clientele, this concern for the customer also often leads directly to increased profits. Many companies have found that their most successful new products derive from customer proposals. IBM's first commercial computers were built for insurance companies at the latter's suggestion. Other firms have installed toll-free telephones for customers to call in their complaints, and their ideas, which are often profitable.

ALTHOUGH CLEARLY designed for an American audience, the analysis presented in this book is relevant also in the Israeli context. The employees of the successful new companies such as Scitex and Elscint are treated as professionals, and perform accordingly. Many work overtime without compensation, because they are challenged and because they are part of and not simply in the control of their firms. They also realize that steady profits depend on quality control and satisfied customers. In contrast, the more established and often state-run firms, such as the telephone company, demonstrate neither aspect. The customer is a nuisance, and little is expected from the employees. In many Israeli firms, quality control seems to be a totally foreign concept. For managers and employees of these firms, this book should suggest alternatives. □

Floreat Groxbourne

VINTAGE STUFF by Tom Sharpe. London, Pim. 233 pp. £1.75.

S.T. Meravi

THIS IS comic novel No. 10 by Britain's aptly named Tom Sharpe, and his many fans will be pleased to know it's a jolly good one. How could it not be? You see, when you have an exceedingly weird kid like Peregrine Clyde-Browne, there's nothing to do but pack him off to an exceedingly bad public school like Groxbourne. There the lad will excel in May, Fetherington's Assault Course for Over-active Underachievers. He'll also fall under the Spell of House-master Glodstone, who dreams of living out adventures a la Richard Hannay, Bulldog Drummond and the like.

So it isn't long before Peregrine and Gloddy are tooling around France in a 1927 Bentley, bent on rescuing an unsuspecting countless held prisoner in a chateau by a gang of villains who unhappily exist only in the minds of the would-be heroes. Sounds innocent enough, but those who know Tom Sharpe know better. It is in fact downright wicked. Like the good chase story that it is, the novel gets wilder and wackier as it barrels along. But it also turns increasingly devilish, right up to its supremely nasty climax.

The laughs meanwhile come many and close between. In this reviewer's case, two outright belly, four barks of surprise, twelve tee-hees and innumerable chuckles. So yes, stuff *Vintage Stuff* in your beach bag — but apply plenty of oil. I read it straight through and never noticed my lobsterly complexion until page 233. □

Greyfriars

W.O.G. Lofts, the author of *The World of Frank Richards*, the life story of the remarkable man who created the immortal stories of Greyfriars School, Harry Wharton and the Famous Five and — of course — Billy Bunter, the Fat Owl of the Remove, would be most grateful for any help our readers can give him. Greyfriars stories appeared in the pre-war English weekly paper, *The Magnet*, collections of which are now being reproduced in faithful facsimile bound volumes by Howard Baker Press, of Wimbledon, London, and Mr. Lofts writes, he has recently been most surprised to note the large number of letters from overseas readers which appeared in the correspondence columns of the publisher's magazine.

This has interested him so much that he has decided to conduct a survey to try and establish if old readers of *The Magnet* of our part of the world still recall these tales of Greyfriars School with the same affection. He will be indebted to any of our readers who care to write to him, and he promises gratefully to acknowledge all letters. Please write to: Cambridge Old Boys Book Club 56, Sheringham House, Lisson Street, London, NW1 5NT □

The show must go on

IMAGES OF SHOW BUSINESS: From the Theatre Museum, V & A edited by James Fowler. London, Methuen, 240 pp. £5.95.

Hillel Tryster

the building of which "seems to be a distinctly American phenomenon." Some acts get along entirely without a fixed abode, an optimistic note being sounded here about the future of buskers, although I had recently gained the impression that, due to excessive police harassment, London's buskers were having to ply their trade ever farther afield, many favouring Paris.

No aspect of theatre production seems to have been ignored, from rehearsals (which Herbert Beer-bohm Tree liked to start at 1 a.m.) to the printed theatre programme. Around 1859, a perfume firm began the now commonplace practice of advertising in programmes by offering scented copies to wealthy patrons while the riff-raff had to make do with the smell of printer's ink.

A whole section of the book is devoted to the structures in which audiences derive pleasure (or otherwise) from performance. These include Wembley Stadium, and replicas of the Globe Theatre,

works in inverted Sistine Chapel fashion.

HOWEVER, THE lion's share of the book is devoted to the performers, including, of course, Negus, whose arduous and painstaking training was simply an uncomprehending version of what many people are willing to go through to achieve their art. The choreographer Glen Tetley, who had been through a tough commando course in the army, described his dance training as far more difficult. Negus had meat as an incentive, whereas most human performers are driven by something much less tangible. As Olivier explained, in his own case, "There's something about being brought up in an atmosphere of genteel poverty that makes you feel, 'I'll show them, I've got to show them.'"

When training is over, the show starts and, once it has started, "the show must go on," a saying brought to mind by the photograph adorning the front cover of the book, depicting Fred Astaire and Claire Luce in the London production of *The Gay Divorce*. On opening night at the Palace Theatre, while dancing over the furniture, the pair fell, Miss Luce injuring her hip so badly that it ultimately spelled the end of her dancing career. Despite this, she kept it up not only for the rest of

the evening, but for the entire run of the show, 180 performances.

The first theatrical knight, Sir Henry Irving, went even further than Miss Luce. He so totally became the character he played in *The Bells*, Mathias, that his death in this role was accompanied by a coldness of the limbs. Disregarding his doctor's warning that his heart was under too great a strain in this part, Irving's own demise came less than 24 hours after his last stage death as Mathias.

In addition to its declared aim of acting as an introduction to the Theatre Museum, the book also serves as an appetite-whetter. In the text, Caruso's sense of humour is merely mentioned. It is left to the interested reader to follow this up, and learn of his nailing down props that weren't supposed to be there in *Tosca*, or squeezing Melba's hand into a hot sausage while sweetly warbling "Thy tiny hand is frozen."

A page on Mick Jagger (immediately following one on Dan Leno, as one might expect) reminded me of Ronnie Corbett's news item from *The Two Ronnies*. "There's good news for deaf people," he announced. "The Rolling Stones issued another LP today." Apparently, similar attributes attracted the theatre-goer of 60 years ago. Sybil Thorndike, for instance, praised Noël Coward's performance in his play, *The Vortex*. "He was absolutely wonderful. You see, he could scream!" □



ISRAEL FOR STUDENTS

REGISTRATION FOR STUDIES

Olim and temporary residents (A-1) who arrived in Israel after April 1, 1982 and who wish to register with the Student Authority for the 1983/84 academic year, are requested to contact one of the Student Authority offices listed below:

- Jerusalem — 15 Rehov Hillel (Ministry of Immigrant Absorption)
- Tel Aviv — 6 Rehov Esther Hamalka (Ministry of Immigrant Absorption)
- Haifa — 7 Rehov Palyam (Ministry of Immigrant Absorption)
- Beersheba — Hanegbi Building, Sderot Hanesi'im (Ministry of Immigrant Absorption)

Reception hours: Sunday-Thursday 8.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.

Students are required to enter an academic framework (secular or religious) within 18 months of the date of their arrival in Israel, in order to qualify for Student Authority assistance. However, regular army service in the IDF is not counted as part of this 18-month period, and does not affect eligibility for aid.

Cunning craftsman

SINCE it was one of the most widely praised novels of the past decade, *The White Hotel* understandably is a hard act to follow. Even more so because D.M. Thomas' two earlier novels had been considerably less successful efforts, and because his very recent translation of Pushkin has been received, to say the least, with less than universal acclaim. So was *The White Hotel* a fluke? Could the British poet reach such dizzy heights again in fiction?

The answer is *Ararat*, and in its way this new novel is every bit as much an achievement as *The White Hotel*. That qualifying phrase lurks like a mole in the previous sentence only because *Ararat* is likely to have much less popular appeal than *Hotel*. The earlier novel was about sex and death instincts, 20th century psychoses, the Holocaust and Jews, all items of broad interest. The new book concerns the nature of art and imagination and freedom, things which fewer people bother about. The novel touches, not unsympathetically, on the plight of the Armenians, but hardly enough to be embraced by Armenian nationalists as new ammunition for their cause; even the eponymous Armenian peak serves in the book as a symbol of artistic freedom.

Above all, *Ararat* is an intricate and handsomely crafted Chinese box. It will irritate the impatient reader who is not interested in self-celebrating word games. But it will reward the dogged reader who in the end will celebrate Thomas' cunning.

THOMAS begins his narrative in the voice of a contemporary Russian poet, a fictional but highly recognizable persona. Sergei Rozanov keeps an assignation with a blind female admirer whom he has never met before. She turns out to be rather unattractive, but the poet

ARARAT by D. M. Thomas. London, Victor Gollancz. 191 pp. £6.95

S.T. Meravi

does his duty by her. Then, to while away what promises to be an otherwise boring night with his adoring but uninspiring muse, Rozanov agrees to do one of his famous "improvisations." The subject the woman gives him is improvisation itself.

Rozanov accordingly improvises three writers, Russian, American and Armenian, who decide to while away the time at a literary conference by improvising tales of their own. The Russian begins by spinning a first-person account about a Russian poet named Victor Surkov. This ruddy Russki, also of an easily recognized type, is taking a slow ocean voyage to New York. Along the way he becomes entangled with several other passengers. To escape these involvements, Surkov starts to improvise a conclusion to a fragment of a short story by Pushkin.

The fragment (such a Pushkin document actually exists) is about a Russian poet named Charsky who becomes entangled with an Italian improvisatore. The Italian gives a performance in which which he improvises a poem about Cleopatra's lovers. The poem is subsequently published in a magazine edited by Pushkin. A certain Russian nobleman, believing the poem a veiled satire on his mother, challenges the Italian to a duel, the same sort of absurd affair of honour in which Pushkin was killed.

I SUSPECT that even with this precis, some readers will be impatient.

But Thomas is just as adept at pulling off this convincing

wonderland refraction as is his compatriot John Fowles. He also shares Fowles' penchant for occasionally stepping back from the narrative and, with well-earned licence, admiring his own handiwork. In one neat metaphor, for example, one of Thomas' multiple narrators says: "Soon I grow tired of knocking balls around aimlessly. Eventually I hang up the cue and, climbing on to the table, stretch out prone on it. It is something I like to do. I find the closeness of the dazzling green acts on my imagination. And right now I feel a pricking in my nape, and I take a notebook and pencil from my pocket..."

What a pleasant picture of the imagination stretching out under a tree in preparation for coupling with the muse. But consider this little speech that comes much earlier in the book:

"She asks me what I do for a living, and is surprised when I say that I'm an athlete too. 'I'm really a sprinter,' I explain, 'but ten years ago I was requested — well, I didn't have much choice about it — to run a marathon. I found it dreadful but I staggered in. Although it was my first marathon, I finished it second. I started my second marathon before I'd finished the first, and I didn't do very well, though I was pleased with my performance. In my third marathon I came in first, yet it wasn't very satisfying. It made me realize all the more, I'm really a sprinter. I shall run one more marathon — possibly 10,000 metres — then go back to the sprints.'"

SOUNDS very much like poet D.M. Thomas regretting his first two novels, grudgingly accepting the success of this third, saying he'll do one more — that would be this book — and then planning to return to verse. If such is the case, the gain will be restricted to the tiny audience that still reads poetry; the loss will be to the much wider world of fiction lovers, who have too few candidates to take Thomas' place.

Four by A.N. Wilson

PRIZE-WINNING British novelist A.N. Wilson, the Literary Editor of *The Spectator*, now has all his novels in paperback. I find myself charmed by Wilson's deceptively gentle mixture of Powell, Waugh and Wodehouse, but the perils of his middle-and upper-middle-class contemporary Englishness have left me rather cold. That is, until I read *The Healing Art*.

There is nothing farcical about its opening. Two women recovering from breast cancer probes have their X-rays mixed up by an over-busy, money-grubbing surgeon. Pamela Cowper faces imminent extinction, only slowly to learn that a mistake has been made. The reassessment of her life results in some remarkable changes. A staid spinster becomes today's liberated woman, tries out both sexes and gets mixed up with New World Americans who literally burn themselves out. In the end she learns how to be happy; and with a man who represents all the old virtues.

Pimlico, Wilson's first novel, also mixes a meeting of two cultures with a homosexual theme; and even a piece of ripe incest. His educated heroine is picked up by an aging wealthy German who has a relationship with both her brother and the man to whom she is passed on, through the German's in-

THE SWEETS OF PIMLICO by A.N. Wilson. Penguin. 179 pp. £1.75. UNGUARDED HOURS by A.N. Wilson. London, Hamlyn. 191 pp. £1.50.

THE HEALING ART, by A.N. Wilson. Penguin. 270 pp. £1.95.

WHO WAS OSWALD FISH? by A.N. Wilson. Penguin. 284 pp. £1.95.

Meir Ronnen

heritance. It's all very polite and low key. After brother and sister make it together, all he can murmur is "how very Egyptian." How very English.

On the other hand, *Unguarded Hours* is a campy farce. Norman Shotover is a 25-year-old innocent, a lamb among the modern wolves in what ought to be a well-behaved cathedral town. Having it off with the Dean's liberated daughter seems close to love until he finds her being tongued in the bath by her sister's boyfriend. Unemployed, he takes refuge in Holy Orders, only to find that all his fellow theological students are as camp as a row of tents, and celebrate black — and gay — Masses in the nude. Wilson sends up all do-gooders; and eventually sends his anti-hero off in a hang-glider. Entertaining; but un-

convincing, though, goodness knows, the characters are real enough.

Of course, it's in the Waugh tradition to take the micky out of the Church while being totally involved with it. The threads of upper-middle-class religious affiliation tie all of Wilson's work together; and to the now established tradition of the modern English novel. Despite the wit-it expressions and the frank but discreet sex, Wilson's work seems part of that part of the English scene that never changes. Happily, the ease and quality of his writing is part of that tradition too.

THEN THERE is *Oswald Fish*, an unlikely title for Wilson's most elaborate set-piece, the heroine of which is the successful, liberated earthy modern woman, grabbing at commerce and penises with equal gusto and, in one way or another, bringing disaster to those she loves. As in *The Healing Art*, Wilson organizes a piece of almost gratuitous violence to dispose of key characters just before the end. He never offers a denouement, for his characters continue their lives in situations that the reader envisages for himself once the tale-telling is done — a characteristic of so many modern English novels. The bisexual brother from the earlier *Pimlico* also makes several cameo appearances, even boasting of once having had it off with his sister, a sort of in-joke bonus for faithful Wilson readers.

THE ETCHING on the dust jacket (taken from the *Illustrated London News*) has long held pride of place in Anglo-Jewry's family album. The date: July 20, 1858; the location: the House of Commons in London; the occasion: the seating of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, the first Jewish M.P. But the scene, although familiar, still remains its fascination. There he is, the duly elected member for the City of London, who had been refused admission to the Chamber twice before, now about to be formally accepted. His head is covered, he has a Bible (Old Testament only) in his hand, and a somewhat smug look on his face. Flanking him are his two sponsors: Lord John Russell (the senior Liberal politician in the Commons) and another City member (then Conservative leader of the House). On the government and opposition benches are arrayed many of the most talented parliamentarians of the mid-Victorian age. Over the entire scene presides Mr. Speaker, whose fascinatingly enigmatic expression seems designed deliberately to belittle the drama of the occasion.

M.C.N. Salbstein presents a virtually blow-by-blow account of the preliminaries which had made the occasion possible. Necessarily, the story is an intricate one. The period covered by this study witnessed 14 attempts to remove Anglo-Jewry's political disabilities. One bill was presented in each of the years 1830, 1833, 1834, 1836, 1847-8, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1856, and four further measures were tabled in 1857 and 1858. The first bill was rejected by the "unreformed" House of Commons; the next 12 passed the Commons but were rejected by the Lords; only the 14th, a compromise between leaders of the two Houses, proved acceptable. Even then, it turned out to be an unglamorous affair, more the result of political jobbery than of high-minded principles. It was also untidy. Further Resolutions (in 1860) were necessary to make permanent an elected Jewish member's right to forgo taking the Parliamentary oath "on the faith of a true Christian."

SALBSTEIN's treatment of his subject is chronological rather than thematic. He is not one of those historians who disdain narrative. Though he does provide analysis, he generally does so as he goes along, keeping us constantly aware of the ticking clock.

He begins with a somewhat cursory and breathless depiction of Jewish history prior to and during the hiatus of Enlightenment and Emancipation (of which more later). Immediately thereafter, however, he narrows his focus to early 19th century Anglo-Jewry, and presents a detailed review of the community's legal disabilities at that time — disabilities which became all the more irksome once the "vital Anglican principle of the British constitution had been breached with the grant of political emancipation to Protestant Dissenters in 1828, and (more significantly) to Roman Catholics in 1829. With the stage thus set, Salbstein confidently leads us by the hand through the thicket of subsequent political maneuver and ideological debate — in the Jewish community and in the church, in the press and in fiction, in parliament and within the cabinet. In so doing, he demonstrates a commendable ability for digesting a mass of material (much of it highly intricate legal matter) and relating it to a clearly defined set of arguments.

More important still, Salbstein sustains his interest in his *dramatis personae*. Indeed, not the least significant of his conclusions — and certainly it is best supported by his own evidence — is that Jewish Emancipation in Britain owed almost nothing to an "institutionalized Jewish lobby." Particularly slight was the influence of the Board of Deputies. Partly this



Rothschild's seat

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS IN BRITAIN: The Question of the Admission of the Jews to Parliament, 1828-1860 by M.C.N. Salbstein. London, Associated University Presses. 152pp. No price stated.

Stuart A. Cohen

Salbstein's conclusion is clear and incontestable. Jewish Emancipation in Britain did not happen "inevitably" or easily. It was the result of an entire array of fortuitous convergences, of close escapes, and of the careful, thoughtful and sometimes risky endeavours of many interests. The author may not have altered much that is fundamental in the traditional account (the outlines of the story are, after all, well-known). But he has clearly gone to considerable trouble to supply a far more detailed reconstruction of the various critical episodes in the tale than has been available hitherto. Particularly valuable, in this context, is the manner in which he manages to relate his own narrative to the contingent and complicated politics of the age. He describes the influence on Jewish Emancipation of periodic parliamentary crises, and the effect of that issue on the realignment of the traditional division between Old Tories and New Whigs in British political life.

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was because of deep internal divisions within the body; more substantially, it was due to the half-heartedness of Sir Moses Montefiore (President of the Board after 1835 who, throughout this account, very much sways on his pedestal).

ULTIMATELY, SALBSTEIN shows, stouter hearts and more trenchant characters were called for. Amongst gentiles, Jewish emancipation was championed by such worthies as Peel, Gladstone, Bentinck and — perhaps too adamantly for his own immediate good — Disraeli. On the Jewish side, the removal of the last parliamentary disabilities was principally the work of Lionel Rothschild and — far more substantially — of David Salomons. The latter (who was far less shackled by propriety and good taste than Rothschild) had first won his spurs as a sharp-witted founder of the Westminster Bank, as temporary president of the Board of Deputies, as an alderman of the City. Subsequently, his higher personal ambitions became virtually indistinguishable from his crusading emancipationist goals. Unlike Rothschild, who in 1858 sedately withdrew from the Chamber when asked to do so, Salomons — in the same session — insisted on participating in three separate divisions on the question of whether he should be formally admitted to the House of Commons as the duly elected member for Greenwich!

Rothschild, as the first Jewish M.P., might have captured much of the glory; but it was Salomons who deserved more of the credit. But what, in the final analysis, was the deeper meaning of that scene depicted in the *Illustrated London News* in 1858? Did it signify, or generate, a major transformation of the Anglo-Jewish experience?

Salbstein does address himself to all of these questions (although to some more straightforwardly than others). To the present reviewer, however, his answers appear to be both forced and ambivalent. In some cases, it is a matter of tone. His evidence, for instance, does not seem to me fully to bear out the contention that the struggle (in terms of British politics) was "between doctrinal and undenominational components of national life" (p. 120).

ELSEWHERE, however, it is a matter of scope. Particularly is this so in Salbstein's enquiry (chap. 11) into the gentle image of the mid-19th century English Jew. Based almost entirely on the fiction and press of the period, it would appear to neglect the wide range of Sessional papers which Tod M. Endelman put to such admirable use in his *The Jews of Georgian England, 1714-1830* (Ph.D., 1979). It also seems to miss an opportunity to discuss the climate which was to make possible the immigrant success stories of mid- and later Victorian Anglo-Jewish life.

Most disappointing of all, however, is the discussion of the Jewish understanding of Emancipation. To say that is not to deny the very adequate review in the book of the various pamphlets, addresses, sermons and letters of the more prominent members of the contemporary Anglo-Jewish community. It is, however, to call attention to the absence of a full discussion of the implications which this debate suggests, and of the cultural tensions by which it was generated.

The reader might like to have a more longitudinal view which could include (if possible) a study of the emotions which might have rumbled beneath the surface of the Anglo-Jewish Establishment — and which are here left subdued. He would certainly wish for a latitudinal comparison of the process of Enlightenment and Emancipation in Britain with that experienced by contemporary Jewish communities elsewhere (particularly in France and the German states). It is here that the slightness of the first chapter in the book is most unfortunate.

It is in this respect, too, that Salbstein's command of his sources seems uncharacteristically shaky. H.J. Zimmels' *Ashkenazim and Sephardim* (London, 1958) is certainly an important work; but it hardly deserves to be cited as the principal reference in almost every discussion of matters relating to the pre-Emancipation background of European Jewry (Chap. 4). One senses that it is inadequate both as a guide to the presumed links between the teachings of Rabbi Joseph Croli and the Hatam Sofer and as an introduction to the ostensibly "Marrano" character of Benjamin Disraeli.

In sum, then, Salbstein has told us — clearly and accurately — how the Emancipation of the Jews in Britain came about. Precisely what that transition entailed, however (for Jews and gentiles alike), remains to be related.

Did it mark, or produce, a change in patterns of prejudice in other areas of British life? To what extent were future Jewish-gentile relations affected by the parliamentary nature of the struggle and the (typically British) compromise nature of its resolution? Finally, and perhaps most important of all, in what ways did the Anglo-Jewish process of emancipation differ from that experienced during the same century elsewhere?

To be fair, Salbstein does address himself to all of these questions (although to some more straightforwardly than others). To the present reviewer, however, his answers appear to be both forced and ambivalent. In some cases, it is a matter of tone. His evidence, for instance, does not seem to me fully to bear out the contention that the struggle (in terms of British politics) was "between doctrinal and undenominational components of national life" (p. 120).

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Traveller

HAMIZRAH HABILTI MISHITANEH (The Immovable East) by Philip J. Baldensperger, Ministry of Defence Publishing House, 185 pp. No price stated.

Susan Hattis Rolef

THIS IS the second volume in the Travels in Eretz Israel Library edited by Rechavam Zeevy. *The Immovable East*, originally published in English in London in 1913, was written by the son of a missionary from Alsace Lorraine. Born in Palestine in 1856, Baldensperger's family were famous in Palestine for their bee keeping.

The book is composed of short stories: some autobiographical, some describing life among the Arabs in Palestine at the end of the 19th century, others presenting local fables as the author heard them during his travels around the country.

Unlike the first volume in this series — *The Rob Roy on the Jordan* — which is a real travel book describing the impressions of a total stranger to the region, here we have the impressions of one who got as close as any foreigner could possibly get to the daily lives of the local Arabs.

Though Baldensperger shows great empathy for the people in whose midst he grew up and spent much of his adult life, he makes no attempt to whitewash or to idealize them. Life in Palestine, before the "immovable east" was finally shaken into a process of change, was indeed full of oriental charm — but poverty, squalor, personal insecurity, corruption and prejudice were rampant.

The author tells of heroes, villains, simple folk, wise old men and animals of all sorts — the folklore of a people whose traditional wisdom helped them to survive for centuries but failed them in the final confrontation with the rapidly changing reality of their lives after 1918.

HEBREW LITERATURE of the pre-mandatory and mandatory period does include some examples of sympathetic writing on the traditional Arab way of life (e.g. Moshe Smilansky) but in general Zionism was too preoccupied with its own atmosphere, ideology, problems and momentum to be able to afford to observe the local scene with any real affection. Consequently, a book like this could only have been written by a man who had close first hand knowledge of the country but whose cultural and ideological roots were elsewhere.

Philip Baldensperger spent the latter part of his life in Europe. His deep religious faith manifests itself in endless quotations from Old and New Testaments. It is strange, however, that it is the Arabs of Palestine that he associates with biblical characters.

My favourite story from this book is one of a dog's life, told as if the dog himself was telling it — a dog who had lived among the Bedouins, in the big city, and finally in a village. This story conveys much of the atmosphere of the places described as well as the small details of everyday life. Dog lovers would argue that one can learn a great deal about a people from the way they treat their dogs!

David Cursh's translation into Hebrew is excellent, but I think that English readers would do better to read the original version.

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